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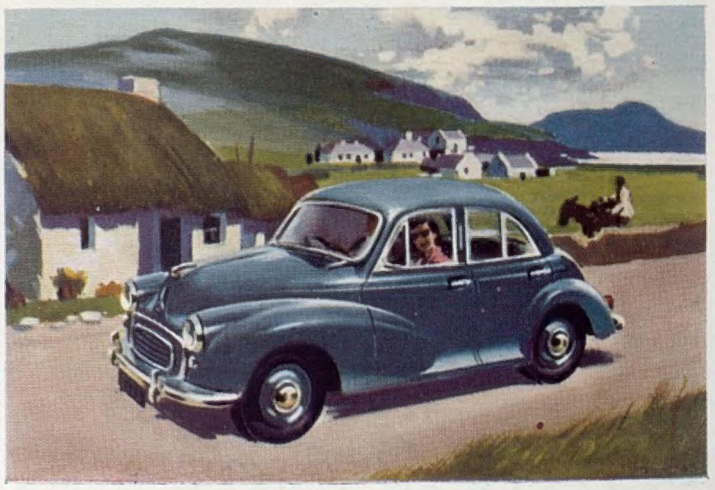

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BIRMINGHAM AND OXFORD

Volume CCXLI No. 3132

THE SPHERE

London, June 11, 1960

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ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE

The Duke of Edinburgh is sitting with (left) Lieut.-General I. H. Riches (Commandant General, Royal Marines) and Admiral Sir Caspar John (First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff). They were watching the massed bands of the Royal Marines Beat Retreat in celebration of the Duke's Birthday. The parade took place some days before June 10 (the actual day of the Duke's Birthday) as His Royal Highness had arranged to open the British Exhibition in New York on that day. He is expected back in London to attend the ceremony of Trooping the Colour in honour of the Queen's official birthday on Saturday, June 11. At last week's parade on the Horse Guards the salute was taken by the Duke, who is Captain-General of the Royal Marines. Hundreds of people watched the ceremony, which coincided with the seventh anniversary of the Queen's Coronation. In honour of this occasion flags flew from public buildings. During the day gun salutes were fired in London and elsewhere. Next Monday, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will attend the annual Garter Service at St. George's Chapel, Windsor

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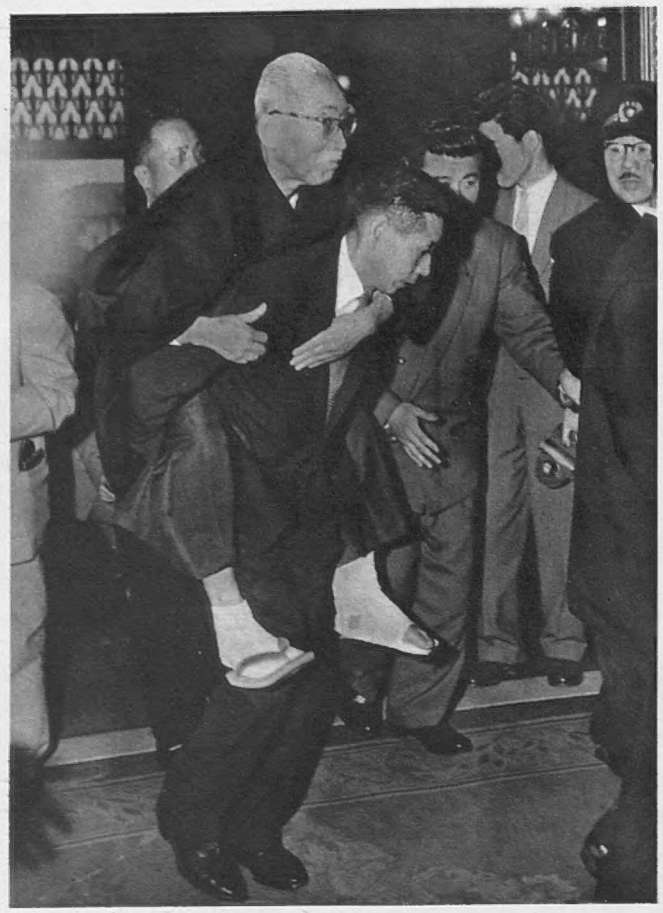


Mr. Ichiro Kiyose, the Speaker of the Lower House of the Japanese Diet, is carried to his seat. He was reported to have been man-handled by Opposition members during the turmoil over the ratification of the new security treaty between Japan and the United States. This is designed to give Japan more responsibility for her own defence than she had under the original treaty negotiated during the Allied Occupation. While Premier Kishi was pushing the ratification through the Lower House, thousands of demonstrators gathered outside the Diet and the American Embassy. The riots were directed against Mr. Kishi, and his ruling Liberal Democrat Party has become split over his leadership. Mr. Kishi said that he had no intention of resigning or holding a General Election—at least until the Upper House also ratified the treaty. The Opposition Socialist party warned President Eisenhower that he would be greeted with hostile demonstrations on his arrival in Japan on June 19

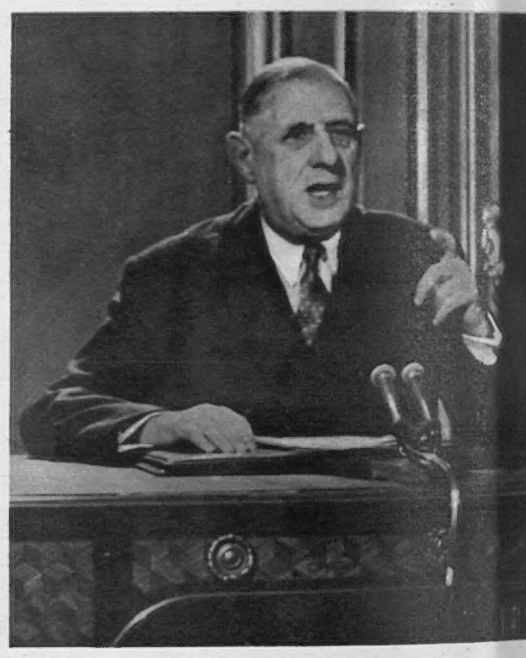
Far right: In Washington, Mr. Eisenhower discusses the situation with Mr. Koichiro Yoshita, a former Japanese Premier

ANTI-AMERICAN RIOTS IN JAPAN

MR. EISENHOWER PREPARES FOR HIS FAR EAST VISIT

At Bloemfontein last week Dr. Verwoerd made his first public appearance since he was wounded in the shooting incident in Johannesburg in April. Speaking at the end of the celebrations marking the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Union, the South African Premier called for unity among the white sections of the population to solve the country's problems

THE SOUTH AFRICAN PRIME MINISTER AT BLOEMFONTEIN



Far right: General de Gaulle gave his views on the Summit failure in a broadcast to the French nation. He said that the U.2 incident was not sufficient reason for Mr. Khrushchev to have refused to join in the Paris Conference. Turning to the Atlantic Alliance, the President referred indirectly to his suggestion for a Nato directorate of France, Britain and the U.S.A.

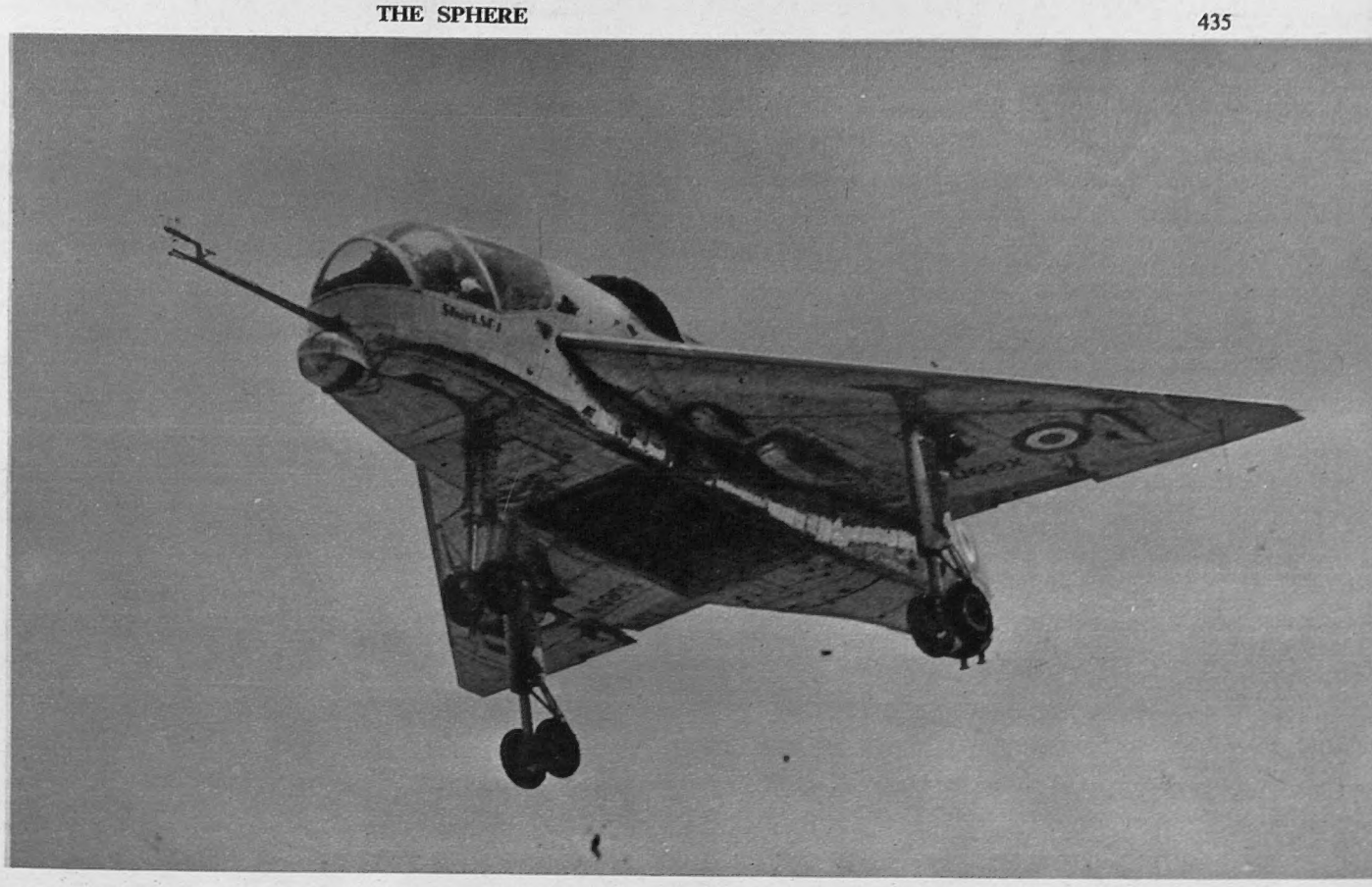
A BROADCAST BY PRESIDENT DE GAULLE

More than 100 spectators on a temporary scaffold grandstand at a motor race meeting last week at Indianapolis, in America, were thrown to the ground when the stand collapsed. People watching from the ground in front of the falling tower attempted to scramble to safety. As the 30-ft. tower hit the ground and disintegrated, many were trapped underneath. Casualties reported were two killed and over seventy injured. The authorities announced that they would investigate the causes of the accident and also the safety precautions on the track. The accident occurred just before the start of the 500-mile race, when onlookers crowded to one side of the tower in order to see the parade of the cars. The race, which was watched by 175,000 people, was won by Jim Rathmann, of Miami, Florida

SEVENTY INJURED WHEN A TEMPORARY TOWER COLLAPSES AT INDIANAPOLIS

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

On the same day last week there was news of two events which mark the passing of one era and the start of another. Both illustrate the speed of technical evolution, one in the air and the other on the sea. At the Royal Aircraft Establishment's airfield at Bedford, the Short SC I vertical take-off and landing research aircraft gave its first public demonstration of transition from jet-borne hovering to wing-borne forward flight. Under the power of its four downward-pointing jet engines, it rose vertically like a lift, remained stationary for a moment, then, with its lifting engines tilting backwards, flew horizontally at a steadily-increasing speed. During the demonstration it even flew backwards. Mr. Keith-Lucas, Short's technical director, disclosed that the firm had already submitted to the Ministry of Aviation a number of design studies for aircraft employing this system, probably the first V.T.O.L. system with automatic control. Given a contract, some of these could be started immediately. A supersonic airliner using the system could be produced by 1975. It has taken Shorts five years to produce the SC I—at one time it was widely stated it would take at least ten. The experimental aircraft uses four Rolls-Royce RB 108 jet engines, which swivel downwards, and one mounted in the tail, pointing horizontally. During the demonstration it was disclosed that Rolls-Royce have produced a development of this engine, intended for vertical take-off, which could lift seventeen times its own weight. It does appear that V.T.O.L. military and civil aircraft may well be commercially practicable in the not-too-distant future.



ANOTHER STEP FORWARD FOR THE SHORT SC I—BRITAIN'S VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AIRCRAFT

Underlining the present-day speed of technical development is the fate of the *Vanguard*, the last of Britain's battleships. It was announced that she is preparing for the breaker's yard—a sad end already suffered by the four battleships of the King George V class. *Vanguard*, the biggest warship ever to be built in a British yard, was completed in 1946. By then naval strategy had seen the emergence of the aircraft carrier as the main striking force of the Navy: and the development of nuclear-powered submarines and guided weapons cruisers struck the battleship's death knell. *Vanguard*, whose motto is "We Lead," never in fact led. She added no new battle honours to her scroll. Since 1956, when the ship was towed to Portsmouth from Devonport, her role has been that of a training establishment and floating transit camp. Her 15-in. guns have not been fired since 1956: they were first mounted in H.M.S. *Courageous* and *Glorious* in 1917.

FROM THE BRIDGE OF THE *VANGUARD*. BRITAIN'S LAST BATTLESHIP IS TO BE BROKEN UP

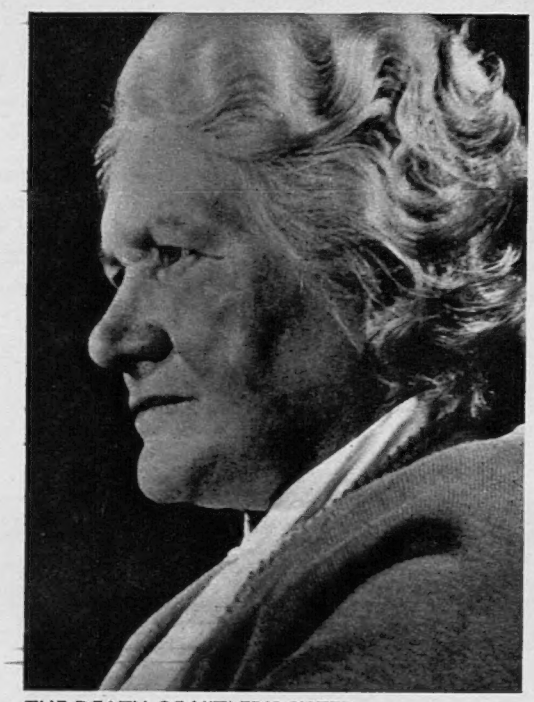
Princess Margaret and her husband visit the Island of Dominica, in the West Indies, during their honeymoon

During the course of their honeymoon cruise in the Royal yacht *Britannia*, Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones have made several calls at islands in the Caribbean and the West Indies. Although the cruise is regarded as a private engagement for the couple, vast crowds of people have gathered at the ports of call to see and cheer them. At Tobago, the Princess and her husband arranged to spend each day ashore, returning each night to the *Britannia*. Special precautions were taken to ensure that they would have some privacy while ashore. Later, in Port of Spain, Trinidad, thousands of people waved and cheered as the newly-married couple went for a short drive. Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones were welcomed at the island by the Governor-General and his wife and by other officials. Sir Grantley Adams (Prime Minister of the Federation of the West Indies) and Dr. Eric Williams (Premier of Trinidad) were present. In Dominica (where the pictures on this page were taken), there was another warm welcome and the Princess and her husband waved and smiled as they acknowledged the applause. For their return to England next Saturday (June 18), the Princess has expressed a wish for the arrival to be informal. They will arrive at Portsmouth, and after being welcomed on board the *Britannia* they will go to the harbour railway station to join the train for London.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THANKSGIVING SERVICE TO MARK 400 YEARS SINCE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL WAS REFOUNDED

The procession moves down the nave during the thanksgiving service held in Westminster Abbey to mark the four-hundredth anniversary of Westminster School. Among those present were the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher. They later attended the reception given by the headmaster of the school in the rebuilt great hall and in College garden. Originating in a school attached to Westminster Abbey, Westminster was refounded first by Henry VIII and then in 1560 by Queen Elizabeth. Among the school's pupils have been George Herbert, Dryden, Locke, Wren, Warren Hastings and Gibbon

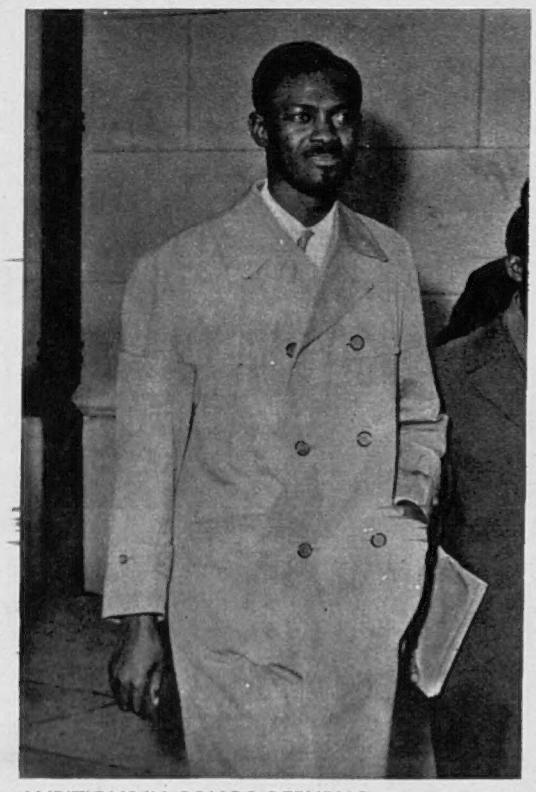


THE DEATH OF HITLER'S SISTER

Frau Paula Wolf, the sister of the Nazi leader, died at Berchtesgaden last week. She was aged 64 and was reported to have been living in poor circumstances. For the past 15 years Frau Wolf had been resident in the Bavarian town closely associated with her notorious brother. Their father was a customs official at Braunau, in Austria

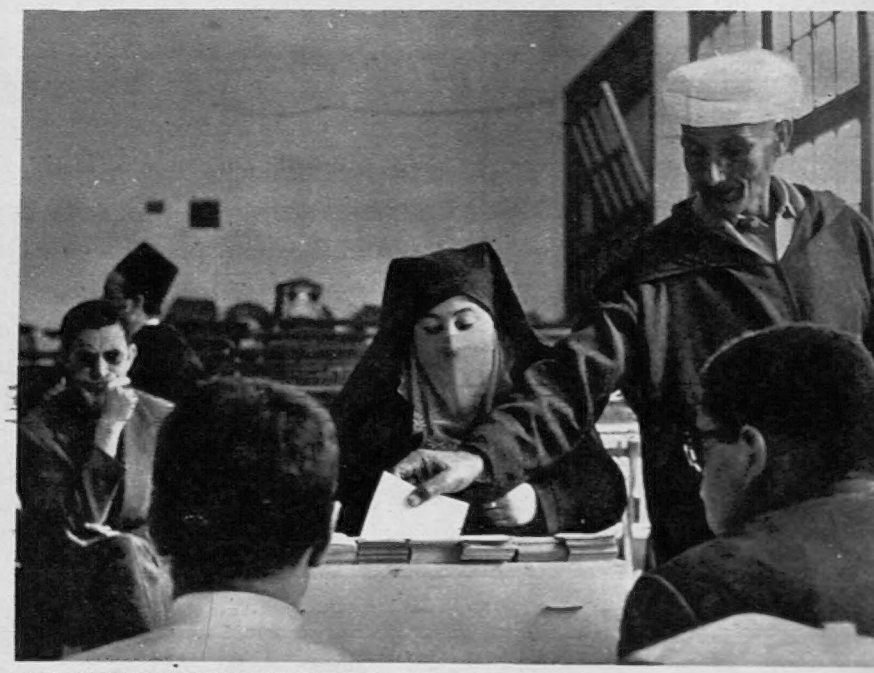
A BOUQUET FOR PRINCESS ALEXANDRA FROM A REFUGEE

Far right: A refugee boy from Yugoslavia presented Princess Alexandra with a bouquet when she arrived for the finale of the British World Refugee Year programme at the Albert Hall in London. It was announced that the public appeal had raised £7,736,723 throughout Britain. Mr. Macmillan then stated that the Government had decided to double its contribution to a sum of £400,000. Thus the grand total was over £8,000,000



AMBITIONS IN CONGO REPUBLIC

Mr. Patrice Lumumba, leader of the Congolese National Movement, informed the Press in Leopoldville that he aims to be Head of State and Prime Minister when Belgian Congo becomes an independent Republic on June 30. He was expected to have the strongest party when the results of the recent elections to the Assembly were known



VOTING IN MOROCCO'S FIRST ELECTIONS

Far right: In the first national elections held in Morocco since the country became independent in 1956, over 4,000,000 voters were able to cast their votes for candidates for 798 rural and municipal assemblies. All tax-paying Moroccans of both sexes who are over twenty-one were eligible to vote. A second series of elections will be held next year to choose regional assemblies, followed by a third series to elect a National Assembly. At present Morocco is a near-absolute monarchy, but King Mohammed wants a constitutional monarchy

TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY

On the day before this year's Derby two of the final acceptors were withdrawn. Exchange Student smashed a fetlock and was destroyed. Stupor Mundi broke a pastern and was too lame to run. On the morning of the race there was another casualty. Sir Winston Churchill's Vienna was accidentally pricked while being plated and had to be taken out. This was a great disappointment, for who could imagine a more popular spectacle than Sir Winston leading in the winner? In the race itself the favourite, Angers, was the victim of a tragedy. A furlong before Tattenham Corner he snapped his near foreleg and there was no alternative to shooting him on the spot.

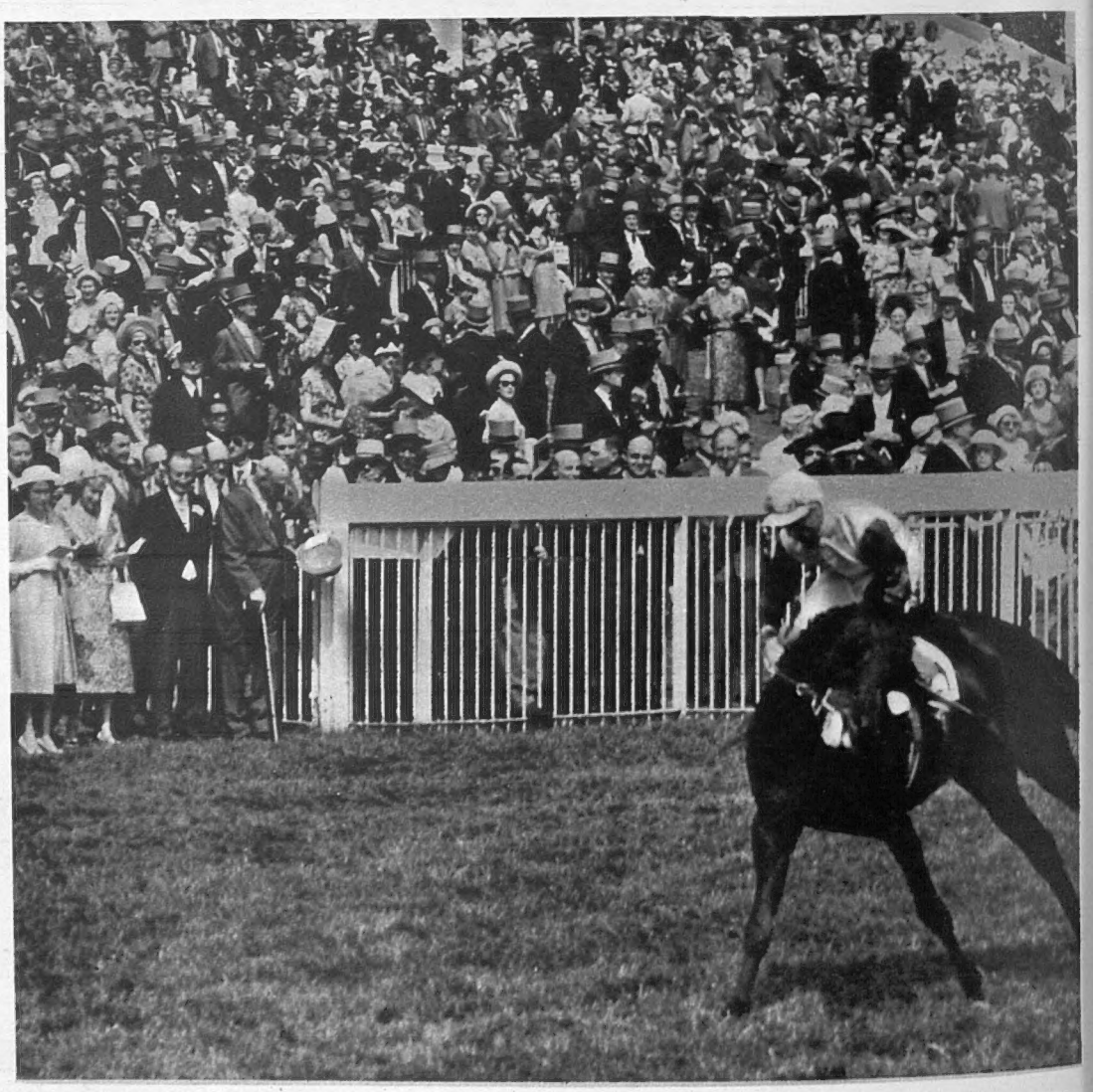
To turn to the pleasurable side, St. Paddy held off the challenge of the two Irish horses, Alcaeus and Kythnos and triumphed in convincing style for England. His owner, Sir Victor Sassoon, has now had four Derby winners. The record for owners is held by the late Aga Khan with five victories. Twenty-four-year-old Lester Piggott was on his third winning mount in the Epsom classic. The great Fred Archer had five Derby wins and Steve Donoghue had four at Epsom and two in substitute races at Newmarket during the First World War.

The Queen with other members of the Royal Family was present at the course. Although she did not have an entry, St. Paddy's victory must have given her pleasure, for he is sired by her stallion Aureole.

The Derby winner, St. Paddy, ridden by Lester Piggott, is led in by his trainer, Noel Murless

The Queen with members of her family

Sir Winston Churchill arrives at Epsom



Watched by the Royal Family, Angers, the favourite, plays up on his way to the start

Rounding Tattenham Corner Die Hard is in the lead, followed by Auroy and St. Paddy (on the rails). Behind them are Tulyartos (outside), Marengo and Oak Ridge (on rails). Just before this, on the slope coming down to the bend, Angers broke a leg and had to be destroyed on the spot

Approaching the finish, St. Paddy (Lester Piggott up) heads away to win. Alcaeus (A. Breasley), who was second, is on left. Kythnos (R. Hutchinson), third, is on right

JOHN CONNELL

THE ORDERLY REVOLUTION

The contemporary pattern of a *coup d'état*, as practised in Egypt, Pakistan and now Turkey, is smooth, easy and, on the whole, humane. It has to be rapid in order to succeed. This means, in effect, that only the military can plan it and execute it. Soldiers not only have the weapons and the disciplined forces at their disposal; they have access to communications, and they are in charge of the security system. These are considerable advantages, which in a moment of crisis they do not hesitate to exploit. It is, I suppose, not wholly irreverent to wonder whether keen, promising officers at Staff College level do an exercise on the planning and operational phases of a *coup d'état*. There is, after all, a pretty highly developed technique nowadays in these matters, and timing, as in all military operations, is of the utmost importance.

The Turkish *coup d'état* at the end of May was carried out with a high degree of professional skill. That it was also, so far as can be ascertained, in accordance with popular sentiment, was of no small significance. The keypoint, without doubt, was Ankara Radio, which was brought under control and into action at once. The Ministers of the doomed Government were already separated, in their homes or on journeys away from the capital. There was no chance of them gathering in and fortifying some Government office and putting up a determined stand. Nor, to be fair, did they show much sign of wanting actively to resist. They were arrested quickly; any scuffles or struggles were few and brief, and obviously symbolical in intention. The operation was launched early on the Friday morning—the Muslim day for prayers and rest—and by the middle of the afternoon the arrested men were under lock and key. The house curfew was lifted in Ankara and other cities, cheering crowds were out in the streets, and flags and portraits of Ataturk were going up on all the main buildings.

A tank is on guard outside the Radio Building in Istanbul

In its initial stages this *coup d'état* was not only, in accordance with modern precedent, "civilised" and unaccompanied by bloodshed; it was, in its own way, a counter-revolution, a harking back to Turkey's great and heroic, if recent, past. General Gursel and his friends did well to invoke the memory of Ataturk; and their next steps, after their assumption of power, were no less prudent: the reissue, after a good many weeks' silence, of the newspapers (even if accompanied, rather endearingly, by a request to these same newspapers that their cartoonists should refrain from making fun of the fallen Ministers); the nomination of a Government containing only two other soldiers besides General Gursel, and for the rest respected men, competent in their own academic or commercial fields and neutral in politics; and the establishment of a constitutional commission to devise safeguards to prevent any future Government from trying again to turn Turkey's nascent democracy back into a dictatorship. In the immediate aftermath of the revolution it was generally believed in Ankara that the General's Government will hold office only for about two months, until the revision of the Constitution has been completed and a "free" election held.

Excellent as are the aims of the provisional administration, and hopeful as are the forecasts, it has to be realised that it is only after a Government such as this has settled down to work that its difficulties really begin, and its (doubtless sincere) self-immolatory intentions are likely to be frustrated.

How, for example, can you ensure "free" elections when the representatives of one party—the supporters of the deposed Government—are under arrest? This question is far more applicable to Turkey than to any of the other Asiatic or Middle Eastern countries which have passed through similar experiences. Such Party system as there had once been in Egypt had been submerged under the ponderous weight of the Wafd's corruption and laziness. Pakistan's parties were locked in unedifying and (from the country's point of view) highly unprofitable wrangles. And to take one look behind the impressive façade of Nuri's regime in its latter days in Iraq was to be convinced that by the standards of Smith Square, Iraqi politics were as degrading as they were preposterous. But Turkey, though far from free of many of the faults which beset Oriental "democracies," had at least evolved a comprehensible system of two genuinely opposed parties—opposed to each other, I admit, as much by reason of interest as by political conviction. The mass of squabbling, struggling groups and factions, whose presence in a politically emergent society so affronts the disciplined and orderly mind of the professional soldier, and is such an offence to his sense of patriotism, was quite absent in Turkey. If, however, Mr. Menderes and the majority of his followers in the Democratic Party are debarred from taking part in the forthcoming election, it is obvious that Mr. Inonu and his Republican Party will have a clean sweep. What happens then to General Gursel's professed intention of avoiding the dangers of one-party rule? It is sensible enough of him now to smile grimly and say, in answer to questions on this very theme, "Perhaps a little rest will do Menderes and his party good." Is he not likely to discover, as President Ayub Khan, level-headed, humane and statesmanlike as he is, that once having established an uncorrupt and relatively efficient administration, it is better as well as easier to keep it going rather than embark on the costly and probably perilous experiment of handing over once again to the old-gang politicians.

It is no good any longer making prim and disapproving faces at *coups d'état* like that accomplished by General Gursel; and their long-term consequences must be pondered carefully and coolly. After all, Charles de Gaulle, surrounded as he was by all the glory of the Liberation, handed over to the orthodox, professional politicians, spent thirteen years withdrawn from power at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises, and was only recalled when France was on the verge of dissolution into civil war and chaos. This is an example—and a warning—which General Gursel cannot afford to neglect.

One of the great modern political dilemmas which can afflict a society as old and as sophisticated as France just as easily as a newly independent nation like Pakistan is the effort to reconcile individual liberty, equitable systems of justice and taxation, fair and competent local representation and administration (all the democratic freedoms, in fact) with the need for a strong, authoritative—*not* authoritarian—central government. Here, in what is now the United Kingdom, we spent more than a century wrestling with it: we attempted solution after solution, and discarded them one by one. A king went to the scaffold to expiate his part of the responsibility for the failure of his kind of solution. It is possible nowadays to respect Oliver Cromwell as a man, a soldier and, in many facets, as a statesman, and to hold that the Protectorate was certainly not the right way out of England's dilemma. The Restoration of the Monarchy, whose tercentenary we have just celebrated, was hailed with more joy and relief than almost any other deliverance in our history. Yet twenty-eight years later Charles II's brother and successor was bundled into exile, and the Glorious Revolution established and kept for many years in power an oligarchy which only the most arrant Whiggish prejudice can regard as bearing any resemblance to a democracy.

Turkey offers a superb textbook case-history to any student of these long, complex processes of political and constitutional evolution. For a century or thereabouts before the emergence of Mustapha Kemal (out of military defeat, political and social chaos) the Ottoman Empire had been in decline. The refashioning and stabilisation of Turkey is one of the greatest political achievements of this century. Ataturk had to build from the foundations upwards. Those foundations are now seen to be strong and durable. They have withstood some pretty severe shocks in the past few years.

The test of a stable society is not its superficial political apparatus, but its capacity to function through a crisis such as that of a fortnight ago. There is impartial and incontestable evidence on this score. On the Sunday after the *coup d'état* the *Guardian's* Special Correspondent in Ankara could write: "There is more freedom in Turkey than there was three days ago and the Turks are holding their heads high in the knowledge that what has been done in their name needed to be done and has been done well, with little bitterness and even less bloodshed." The more you think that over, the more remarkable a tribute it seems.

The picture of General Cemal Gursel standing by a bust of Kemal Ataturk in the Prime Minister's office in Ankara is symbolic. The General, who assumed the offices of Turkish President, Premier and Defence Minister a fortnight ago, served under Ataturk in the First World War and in the Turkish War of Independence. Steeped in the Ataturk tradition, it was his belief that the Menderes Government was being false to the principles of the founder of Modern Turkey which caused General Gursel to head the recent military coup. Aged sixty-five, he has held a number of important military posts in the past thirty years and was Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Land Forces when he emerged as Turkey's new leader. He is known affectionately in the Army by a nickname which can be translated as " Uncle Cemal "

TURKEY'S LEADER

At a reception in London for members of the Commonwealth Press, the Queen and Prince Philip are with (left to right) Mr. Magnus Williamson, Mr. Lewis Simpson, Lord Astor of Hever (at whose home the reception was held), Mr. Roland Dangerfield, Mr. Alex Aitken, Mr. Boorman, Lord Burnham and Mr. Walters

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

BOILED TURKEY—Following the South American formula, the Army in Turkey has taken over power and arrested its civil Government. The procedure was in common form and the leader of the Military Junta made the usual declaration that the Army was not interested in politics or power, but was only taking action to restore civil liberties and clean up corruption, to make the country truly democratic. We have heard and seen it all before often enough in South America, with dancing in the streets and people, who may soon be wringing their hands, ringing the bells. We watch with sympathy, and with cynicism bred of long experience of *coups d'état*. But perhaps we await the next phase with closer attention than usual. This particular friendly country is a section of the Maginot line of Western defence, and the trials of criminals and the dancing and the grog must not leave that section undefended. Assured of that, so far as one can be assured of anything on the " day," we must leave the cleaning-up to our partner, whose private affair it surely is. There must, I suppose, always be some embarrassment in swiftly recognising a revolutionary government which has overthrown one which we have treated with respect and friendship; but the governments of defence allies must be kept going and united at all costs.

URGENT WORK FOR UNESCO—It is a mad world we live in and madmen can do a lot of global damage. There is no need for Professor Hardy to disclaim defeatism when he propounds his great idea of providing *now* a few great Continental underground " Noah's Arks " in which to preserve some relics of our civilisation when some ass presses the button and blasts it. The Professor proposes to hand the job over to Unesco, which will be flattered by the choice, and suggests as a start one such nuclear-proof ark for each continent, to be marked by a stout granite column in case any specimens of *homo sapiens* should survive. But it occurs to me that it might be cheaper and more effective to shoot our sample relics of civilisation on to Mars or Venus. The subject is so vast, the task of selection so complex, that I can concern myself only with Britain's ration of space in the European ark. What shall we choose to supply the means for some intelligent survivor to recreate our lost contribution to civilisation ? Shall we prefer science to art and literature ? At first sight it seems illogical to preserve our formula for making H-bombs before dumping a copy of Shakespeare, an authoritative History of England and its Commonwealth, a treatise on our laws or architecture, and a representative collection of the British School of paintings. But much will depend on the persons chosen for the British working party. *Pride and Prejudice* or *The Origin of Species*? Chaucer or Newton ? Medicine and mathematics or music ? The choice is far from easy. Assuming that the earth is one blasted heath, *Macbeth* and the witches might be helpful, but science might be more useful for any human survivor to make a go in the brave new world. The Professor envisages the possibility of some chance survivals among human beings, and here I go further than he does. We must ensure that survival *now*. We must select and conduct to our air-conditioned compartment in the labyrinth some eugenically selected young breeding pairs, who already carry in their heads some vague knowledge of our successful civilisation and earmark for them the bulk of our allotted space. And here I range myself beside Lord John Manners:

" Let Art and Commerce, Laws and Learning die,
But leave us still our old Nobility."

Let us preserve a duke or two. *Floreat Etona* !

THE BOASTS OF HERALDRY—If we put our hands into our pockets—" once more into the breeches, dear friends "—we may soon have a chance to see for ourselves the wealth of English history hidden in the vaults of the College of Arms. A small space in the devastation east of the College's graceful building is temporarily reserved for a subterranean Museum of Heraldry, and there one day, if we pay for it, these treasures may be on show and accommodation found for researchers and genealogists. The Heralds, those gorgeous public figures, are at work all day in dull office garb tracing ancestors, not for new peers or claimants, but for scores of ordinary people from Australia or the U.S.A. or the home provinces; and it often seems odd that the more people glory in the new age of democracy and equality, the more they wish to prove their long and respectable descent from armigers. It is as odd (or perhaps as natural) as the revival in pony clubs in the heyday of the motor-car. The College of Heralds is there to confirm and strengthen a simple faith in Norman blood, and it is working overtime. To have come over with the Conqueror is a proof that many desire but very few can obtain. But there is a rising generation whose fathers came over with our American or West Indian conquerors. Genealogy is one thing; Heraldry another; and Heraldry is an important department of art. That art is first recognised on ancient seals. It is glorified in tabards and illuminated rolls and books, such as the Wriothesley great roll of the Westminster Tournament of 1511, or Prince Arthur's book, containing a vast collection of painted arms of lords and commoners of Henry VIII's day. There are pedigree rolls of the Middle Ages, which are illustrated histories of England, and some devoted to our Royal pedigree which solemnly go back to Adam via Æneas and the god Odin. In short, whether you are in search of grandfathers or beauty, you should support the Earl Marshal's appeal for funds to establish this underground museum. The modern textbooks on English history are apt to be ugly and drab. Little Arthur's history is much prettier.

A gargoyle on the ruined cathedral at Coventry looks out at the new building where exterior work is now in an advanced stage. The circular building which is taking shape at the side of the new cathedral is the Chapel of Unity

THE RESTORATION RESTORED—The celebrations of centenaries, or tercentenaries for that matter, serve a useful purpose. They usually bring forth a flood of carefully prepared new books on the subject commemorated, and so serve the truth of history which is often distorted by political slander and social gossip. We are rather lazy students of history, and history as a school subject has never been very efficiently taught. We like it served up picturesquely and our memories will only register a few romantic labels for each era. History, as we are taught it at school, is not a continuous march of events. English history is a series of watertight compartments or reigns tagged with the name of sovereigns as they succeeded one another; and we are content, and perhaps fit, only to memorise them with very trivial memory aids. Alfred and the cakes, Turrell's arrow, the Merry Monarch and pretty Nelly, George III's apple dumpling, and so on. It is remarkable how often we estimate the reign less by its achievements than by picturesque characteristics of the sovereign whose name heads that chapter. Three hundred years ago occurred the restoration of Charles II. We labelled him the Merry Monarch, and are very well posted in the character of his mistresses. And why? Because people write books chiefly for money, and readers prefer the picturesque to the serious, and so we have ten books on Nell Gwynn to one on Bunyan or Milton. Every reign or era is merry for some and serious for some, an age of fearful contrasts in poverty and wealth. With all the terrors of our time, ours probably more nearly deserves the label " merry " than any other. In it the contrasts are most nearly smoothed away. Charles II has been libelled in his popular label and, with him, his age. He was anything but a playboy and his reign was no frivolous chapter in a serious history book, no drunken porter's scene in *Macbeth* to lighten the tragedy. The achievements of his reign did not end with it. They originated and led on to the scientific achievements of our own age. A reign which produced the Royal Society and free democratic discussion, whose worthies included Dryden and Wren, Purcell and Halley, Pepys, Evelyn and Petty, certainly adorned, where it touched, the things which matter in human life.

A QUART AND A PINT-POT—The Roads Campaign Council organised a meeting recently to which they invited all authorities concerned to listen to their report which prophesied utter chaos for London traffic in the coming years unless a rational new road policy is adopted. But only half a dozen authority-representatives turned up in an audience of forty. Whether their proposals are good or bad, astronomically expensive or not, their conclusion is indisputable. It is not London and the great cities only whose traffic doom is forecast before 1965. It needs no expert to work out that you cannot pour a quart into a pint-pot without an overspill. We are not like America. Our tiny island could support in grace and comfort half our present population and go a long way to feed it. That was a conclusion reached when the motor-car was in its infancy. To-day the means of feeding us are reduced every year by the needs of housing the 50 per cent. surplus population and building new roads for the ever-growing number of-road-users. Our sacred green reserves are whittled down for the needs of new power and defence. London's overspill is beginning to turn our provincial towns into cities. The " wens " grow larger everywhere. We are proud of our prosperity and proud that any citizen of our remarkable Commonwealth should settle in Britain and enjoy it. The motor industry booms and we glory in it. A car is every citizen's right. But 2 into 1 " won't go " and it is melancholy to reflect that only large-scale convulsions of nature—tidal waves, earthquakes, Black Death, and so on—can really help to solve our problem. It is our long immunity from these major terrors that has given us the name of the Fortunate Islands. But you *can't* get a quart into a pint-pot, even a silver pot.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

LONDON THEATRE BARS

For inveterate theatregoers, especially first-nighters, one of the most testing moments of the evening comes at the fall of the first act curtain. Should one make a quick exit to the bar to beat the rush, or should one remain seated in comfortable, though often lonely, seclusion ? In London's theatreland, from its outpost in Sloane Square, the Royal Court, to Drury Lane, the bars are always crowded in the intervals. At times there appear to be more people drinking than there were watching the play.

The bars vary as much as the theatres. The smallest is off the stalls at the Royal Court: less than 6 ft. wide, it holds an uncomfortable dozen. Just as crowded, however, is the chandeliered crush bar at Covent Garden, which does not belie its name. Music relayed from the stage enables the barman to judge the moment to open the bottles of champagne ordered by the opera- or ballet-lovers.

The path to the quick drink is often to the pub next door. Some are favoured for one before the performance, like the Nag's Head in Covent Garden. Others gain their trade in the intervals as well. The favourite of these is the Salisbury in St. Martin's Lane, next door to the New Theatre, with the Duke of York's and the Coliseum down the road. It is an actors' pub as well, and theatre staff celebrate the end of the evening in the private bar.

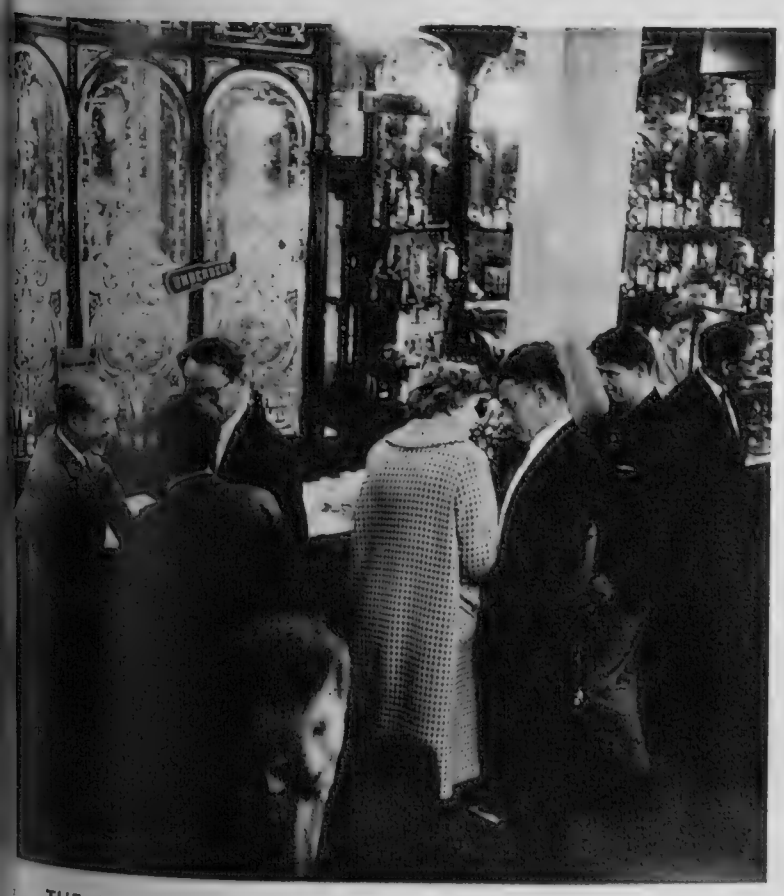
THE CRUSH BAR AT COVENT GARDEN—London's most fashionable theatre bar, during the first interval

THE SMALLEST BAR—just off the stalls at the Royal Court and a drink on a fine evening on the steps outside the same theatre

COFFEE BAR AT THE OLD VIC—Reflected in the long mirror is the bar itself. In the intervals between the productions (this season Shakespeare, Shaw and Barrie) theatregoers sustain themselves with coffee and sandwiches. The devoted, serious and mostly young audiences at the Old Vic, having made the journey to Waterloo Road, get through a large amount of solid food. It is noticeable that sandwiches are as much in demand at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, so possibly Shakespeare may be conducive to hunger

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill

CHAMPAGNE BAR AT THE SAVILLE—In the most comfortable of theatre bars the service is augmented by side tables from which champagne is served. At one of these tables, during the first interval of *The Amorous Prawn*, Sir Charles, a former Mayor of Westminster, and Lady Norton celebrate Sir Charles's birthday. At the Saville the light comedy, which stars Evelyn Laye, is enjoying a successful run



THE SALISBURY—The pub next door

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

GREAT BRITAIN

There is news about additions to the accommodation in Britain for the students who come from all over the Commonwealth. In London plans have been approved for the building of a Hall of Residence in Finsbury. Five hundred students from the nearby Northampton College of Advanced Technology will be housed there, among them a number from the Commonwealth. The Hall will be an 18-storey skyscraper, 190 ft. in height. The residents will have single study bedrooms and on the seventeenth floor the principal common room will have splendid views of London.

A little outside London, at Ash Park, near Shepperton, in Surrey, the Commonwealth Students' Association has opened its first centre. There are chalets for 150 people, a restaurant and sporting facilities, including a swimming-pool and tennis courts. The Association's President and founder is Lord Baden-Powell and there are a number of distinguished vice-presidents from various walks of life. The purpose of the organisation is to bring students together from all parts of the Commonwealth and foster a spirit of Commonwealth citizenship. Since its opening a fortnight ago many students have made short stays at Ash Park. It is hoped eventually there will be permanent residents there as well as those on holiday, and that similar centres will be started elsewhere in Britain.

It is now generally recognised in Britain that Tanganyika will obtain full independence in the foreseeable future. The constitutional reforms to be implemented in the coming autumn make this clear. Therefore the report of the United Nations Commission which recently visited the territory in Trust to Britain is being studied with particular interest. The Commissioners write: " The most noteworthy political feature is the peaceful, harmonious atmosphere of good will. All evidence indicates the territory's smooth and rapid progress to independence. The problems that remain are largely technical and financial."

AUSTRALIA

It was announced in Darwin in May that the first group of Northern Territory aborigines to undergo training as teachers had arrived there from distant aboriginal settlements and mission stations. When their training is completed they will help in the task of educating their fellow aborigines who are at various stages of advancement from primitive tribalism. Another announcement in May proclaimed a " new deal " for aborigines employed in the outback. Government regulations compel employers to give them annual holidays, sick leave, regular wages, overtime and free medicine and to provide housing for wives and children.

The significance of these developments is that they stem from the doctrine of assimilation which governments and anthropologists now agree holds the best hope for the future welfare of the aboriginal population. Historically the impact of a strong, materially superior people on aboriginal minorities throughout the world has been disastrous. The sorry record of the treatment of the black Australians in the harsh period of the country's early settlement weighs heavily on the conscience of modern Australians. It was, in the main, the result of ignorance rather than brutality or indifference—ignorance of tribal customs and the intricate social organisation of the aborigines. Loss of one tribe's territory led to conflict among the aborigines themselves. Slaughter of game and destruction of vegetation and roots by sheep and cattle threatened starvation. Disease and drink also took their toll.

But the disruption of tribal organisation was equally harmful. Younger tribesmen rejected their ordained roles in the primitive society and found no place in the new one. As their numbers dwindled, it was generally assumed that the vanishing aborigine had little hope of surviving alongside the alien civilisation. Certainly governments were not lacking in sympathy. But the best they could do was to develop a kind of passive *apartheid*, involving the creation of reserves in which the aborigines could live on tribal grounds cushioned against the worst effects of contact with civilisation. However, even if it were possible and desirable to leave them in untouched seclusion, the aborigines themselves were inevitably attracted to the fringes of white settlements. So in recent years the basis of aboriginal policy has changed. To-day the aim is not segregation but assimilation. To survive and prosper, it is believed, the aboriginal minority must be helped to learn, work and think as white Australians, so that ultimately they can take their place in the larger Australian community. It is a positive expression of the belief that the problem is social not racial. The aborigines are a lively, fascinating and intelligent people, and some notable examples of individuals succeeding in white society demonstrate that they are capable of making the big leap from the Stone Age.

Aboriginal reserves remain—about 79,000,000 acres are set aside for the purpose. Aborigines not already living in or near towns or settlements may, if they choose, live under tribal conditions in the reserves. But they are being encouraged to move to Government and mission centres set up and equipped to help them along the road to citizenship. There they can begin their education and train for employment, learn the elements of hygiene and be introduced to the experience of living in houses. Fourteen Government centres form the nucleus of the scheme. Thirteen special Administration schools have been established and mission schools are being subsidised. For every seventy of the 74,000 people of aboriginal blood, one white Australian is now working full-time. It is a hopeful start, made with sincerity and goodwill. A lasting solution will not come in a generation, but one thing is sure—public opinion is acutely aware of the responsibility of the nation to the original Australians.

NEW ZEALAND

Although accurate records of Maori numbers were not kept during the early years of European settlement in New Zealand, it is known that the Maori population declined with the advent of white settlement and this decline continued till the beginning of the century. Since then the picture has been very different, as is confirmed by a statistical analysis which has recently been completed of New Zealand's last census, in 1956. The Maori race of to-day is vigorous, increasing at a greater rate than the Europeans in the country, and is strikingly youthful. In the last thirty years it has more than doubled.

Maoris are, for census purposes, defined as persons with half or more Maori blood, but, if mixtures are Polynesian, these count in the Maori population regardless of the degree of Maori blood. They numbered 137,151 or 6·31 per cent. of the population, there being one Maori to every fifteen non-Maoris. Of the total Maori population 96·2 per cent. was in New Zealand's North Island and 72·5 per cent. in the Auckland provincial area, the most northerly part of New Zealand. The drift to the towns, a characteristic of the New Zealand population generally, is accentuated in the case of the Maoris, of whom 9 per cent. were located in cities and boroughs in 1926, compared with 24 per cent. in 1956. The proportion living in towns increases with the decrease in the degree of Maori blood, showing the link between urban drift and intermarriage of Maoris with other people.

Its youth is perhaps the outstanding characteristic of the Maori population. Of every 100 Maoris, forty-seven were under fifteen years in 1956 and fifty-eight under twenty years. In the European population the figures were thirty and thirty-seven respectively. Four Maoris out of every 100 were sixty years or over, compared with thirteen Europeans.

Between the 1951 and 1956 censuses the Maori average increase rate was 3·5 per cent., compared with 2·2 per cent. for the European population. The industrial distribution of the Maori working population differed from that of the European. Relatively more Maori males were engaged in agriculture and construction and relatively fewer in commerce and services. There were very few Maori females in commerce. Relatively more Maoris than Europeans were in the lower income groups, but the youthfulness of their population contributed toward this.

As in the European population, the religious profession most strongly represented in the Maori population was the Church of England. However, the second largest religious profession for Europeans, the Presbyterian, comprising some 24 per cent. of their total population, claimed only 2 per cent. of the Maori population. After the Church of England the largest religious bodies among Maoris were Roman Catholics with 16 per cent; Ratana, a Maori Church established about 1925, with 14 per cent; Methodist with 8 per cent. and Latter Day Saints with 7 per cent. Maoris lived in 21,059 permanent private dwellings, of which 84 per cent. were classified as ordinary private dwellings, 2 per cent. as flats and 13 per cent. as " huts, whares and baches." The comparative European figures were 89, 8 and 2 per cent. There were 5·57 Maoris, on the average, living in each dwelling, compared with 3·51 in European dwellings.

Although there is increasing intermarriage between Maoris and other sections of the community, the majority of the Maori population, 64 per cent. in 1956, compared with 71 per cent. in 1926, were classified as Maoris of full blood. Unions between Maoris and non-Maoris take place more frequently through the non-Maori male and the Maori female.

GHANA

A little-noticed debate in the House of Commons, in London, recently enabled M.P.s to discuss Ghana. Ten of them contributed to a two-hour discussion on a measure with the unexciting title of the Ghana (Consequential Provisions) Bill. It was largely a technical document to ensure that certain legal provisions would continue after Ghana becomes a Republic; but it gave an opportunity for the airing of views on recent events in that corner of West Africa. Readers of Britain's " popular " Press might have gathered—from a single report of three paragraphs—that the views were critical and expressed by a Labour M.P., Mr. Roy Mason, who spoke of a republic being " but a short pace from dictatorship." *Hansard* readers would find a different story.

Of the ten M.P.s who spoke, five were Labour, four Conservatives and one Liberal. Mr. Mason's voice was the sole one to express unreserved concern. Another Labour Member, Mr. E. L. Mallalieu, had some critical observations to offer which he qualified with expressions

WEALTH

Accommodation in Britain for Commonwealth Students; Australia's Aborigines; New Zealand's Maoris; Ghana puts a British Parliament Debate in Perspective

of warm friendship for Ghana. Every other speaker (eight of them) spoke in terms of sympathy and support for Dr. Nkrumah and his Government. It may be of interest to quote some of the things that were said.

MR. H. A. MARQUAND (Labour): "It is no secret that . . . Dr. Nkrumah has shown an earnest desire to encourage the development, not only of his own country, but other countries throughout the African Continent. Shortly, he will become Head of his State. No one can doubt his qualifications to be so."

MR. JOHN TILNEY (Conservative): "The governing party in Ghana, naturally, take cognizance of some of the remarks which have been made in some organs of the British Press about so-called rigged elections. They regard these remarks as unfair, particularly as I am told that all ballot papers are printed on special security paper in the presence of the representatives of the contesting political parties. . . . It is as well to bear in mind that in the Prime Minister's own constituency, in Accra, his votes went down. If there ever was a point where a rigged election would be expected, it would be in that constituency. There is also the knowledge in Ghana of the comment here about flogging, which proved to be completely unfounded."

MR. JOHN STONEHOUSE (Labour): "In these days, when the number of genuine democracies in the whole world can be counted on the fingers of four hands, it is wonderful that in Ghana—a very new nation—there is democracy and government by consent. This is a tribute to the leaders who emerged in Ghana both before and after independence. . . . Those who have been engaged in the campaign of vilification during the past few years should look at the results of the referendum which has just taken place."

MR. A. FENNER BROCKWAY (Labour): "One should appreciate the quite extraordinary educational, health, social and economic changes which have taken place since Dr. Nkrumah has been Prime Minister. . . . It is enough to go there and see not merely the roads and the schools and the hospitals being built, the dispensaries in distant villages and the water supplies, but also the mass adult education movement."

MR. RICHARD THOMPSON (Under-Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations): "I think Mr. Mason is too pessimistic. Look at the Indian example. I see no reason why we should necessarily equate a republican form of government with a tendency towards dictatorship."

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

The Duke of Edinburgh is seen with Mr. Charles Lynch, President of the Canadian War Correspondents' Association, before a dinner given in London by the Association. A party of Canadian journalists had flown to London for the occasion

Princess Alexandra arrives at Westminster Abbey to attend the service marking Commonwealth Youth Sunday. In a message for the day, to youth throughout the Commonwealth, the Queen emphasised the great need for mutual loyalty and consideration

Sir Eric Harrison, High Commissioner for Australia, examines a model of the new Sydney Opera House at an exhibition in London of Australian architecture

Lord Baden-Powell inspects sea cadets before opening the new centre of the Commonwealth Students' Association at Ash Park, in Surrey

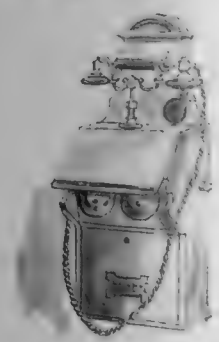
The fine Victorian shop was built for Purdey in 1882

A Victorian Lamp Bracket in the Long Room at Purdey's

SHOPS FOR GENTLEMEN No. 5

JAMES PURDEY AND SONS

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

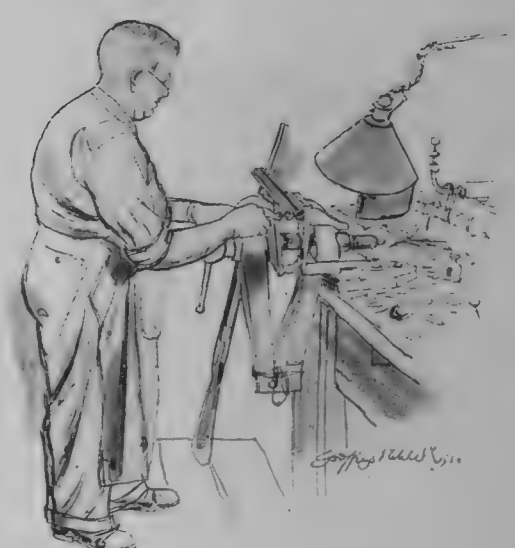


The old 'phone was in use until recently

The word "gun" can connote a number of different things. In the Artillery it means cannon; for the infantryman it is his "best friend" which he must cosset more carefully than a weakling infant or risk the ire of the sergeant-major and a "booking"; for the mechanic it is an instrument for greasing engines; among cowboys it apparently has the sanction of a form of law; in the minds of the thirsty it will conjure up visions of ale, and the learned may relish thoughts about the word's derivation from the name of an Icelandic female. In the matter of guns for sport, one of the names evoked will almost certainly be Purdey.

The shop of James Purdey and Sons Ltd., gun and rifle manufacturers, is on the corner of South Audley Street and Mount Street. It is an area of London which still retains an elegance. The building was erected for the firm in 1882 when they were already a well-established name in the West End. (The fifth generation of the family has now entered the business.) The shop has high walls from which the heads of beasts look down, and on which are photographs of wild animals. Photographers may like to know that in Kenya they can drive in a car very close to lions and take their pictures, but on no account get out of the vehicle. Purdey's provide much useful information.

The shop, full of interest though it is to the sportsman, is only the beginning. Behind is the Long Room. The Purdey who built the premises eighty years ago thought for some inexplicable



The workshop for small repairs

reason that guns and rifles were not enough for his business. The Long Room was designed as an art gallery, so that the firm could have a sideline in pictures. Needless to say, they never engaged in that sort of art. There were plenty of customers for their own particular creations. Nevertheless, the Long Room to-day could be called a gallery, for it contains a collection displaying the history of Purdey's and of the sport of shooting. There are numerous pictures of past patrons, many of them members of Royal Houses, and of Victorian and Edwardian groups on country estates; portraits of Purdey's themselves; cases showing rifles and guns of various types; several out-of-the-way exhibits of the gunsmith's craft. One corner is devoted to pigeon shooting. In the United States clay pigeon shooting enjoys considerable popularity and many knowledgeable American sportsmen go to Purdey for their rifles.

Whatever the type of the gun required may be, its weight and size depending on the game to be shot, it is, of course, made for the individual. It takes eighteen months in the making. A sporting rifle costs £650, but will last a lifetime. To stroke the French walnut of the butt is to feel the glossy coat of a thoroughbred. Purdey's service and repair their products for their customers, and below the shop is the gun room on the shelves of which guns lie in cases, arranged alphabetically according to the customers' names. On this level are also the cartridge store and the small repairs workshop. In earlier days all the firm's craftsmen worked above the shop. Now the gun factory is elsewhere in London.

But after a few minutes in Purdey's one ceases to think of it as a shop. Nor for all its unique display in the Long Room is it to be regarded merely as a unique museum. No. 57, South Audley Street, is very like a club. In the leisurely atmosphere of the Long Room, with its leather armchairs and nineteenth- and early twentieth-century adornments, anyone except an anti-blood sports fanatic will always find a welcome.

A Pembroke of the Middle East Communications Squadron flies over terrace cultivation in Cyprus

R.A.F. BASES ON CYPRUS

Photographs taken on and over the island

by Charles E. Brown

Barbed wire surrounds Akrotiri, which is now the principal British base on the island

As efforts to find a solution to the tangled affairs of Cyprus continued throughout May, the British Government announced that it was going to invite tenders for military construction works on the island, worth £2,000,000. These would be mainly in the area of the two British bases, the southern enclave of Episcopi-Akrotiri and the eastern enclave of Dhekelia. As far as the Royal Air Force is concerned, the main expansion is at Akrotiri. Although this airfield has been operational for three years, its buildings have been mainly temporary. A new flying control is being built, but squadron offices are primitive. Akrotiri, on which there are possibly 4,000 officers and men, has become the biggest Royal Air Force base overseas. It is the station of the Middle East light bomber force, consisting of a number of squadrons of Canberras, which constitute Britain's most immediate contribution to the Central Treaty Organisation.

The main R.A.F. bases on the island are Episcopi, Akrotiri, and Nicosia. The first two of these are situated on a peninsula, which forms the southernmost tip of the island, surrounded on three sides by the sea, and with a salt lake on the fourth. It is possibly the most remote part of the island. Episcopi consists of the domestic and office buildings of the joint headquarters Middle East, including the Middle East Air Force. There is only a small airstrip. Akrotiri is solely an airfield, with the necessary operational facilities. Besides the light bomber force, the Middle East Communications Squadron is based there. This is equipped with Pembrokes, Valettas,

(*Continued on following page*)

R.A.F. BASES ON CYPRUS

(Continued from previous page)

and Meteors. Over the last year or so, Akrotiri has taken over from Nicosia as the main R.A.F. airfield on Cyprus.

Nicosia is not within one of the proposed sovereign areas, but the United Kingdom, under the London and Zurich agreements, is to have rights over the airfield. Based at Nicosia is a transport squadron of Hastings and a squadron of fighters, Hunters or Javelins, on a monthly rotational detachment from Britain. Nicosia is also the civil airport, handling a large volume of Middle East traffic.

The decision to expend a large amount of money on Akrotiri underlines Britain's apparent intention to build up the Cyprus bases as her main bastion in the Middle East. According to the official statements in May, it was proposed to let contracts worth £550,000 for Akrotiri by the end of June, and further contracts of about £400,000 between July and September. Nearly as much is to be spent on the Army's base at Dhekelia. It was believed that the main contractors would be British, sub-contracting going to Cypriot firms. The contracts will provide work for many of the island's 15,000 unemployed.

During May, Cypriot Trade Unions staged strikes on the island in protest against what they called British indifference to the serious unemployment situation. According to Archbishop Makarios the economic crisis has been used by the British authorities to blackmail the Cypriot leaders into agreement on the proposed British bases. Talks on the areas were at a standstill during May, as agreement could not be reached on their area or the question of "cession." Figures which have been widely quoted showed the British wanted a total area of about 120 square miles but Archbishop Makarios wanted this reduced to 80. The question of "cession" hinges on the hypothetical position of what happens to the bases if Britain should ever vacate them.

A Comet takes casualties aboard for Britain

Huts in Headquarters of Middle East Transport Command

Flying Control at Akrotiri will be transferred from the chequered hut to the incomplete building behind

Hastings aircraft from a Cypr

Right: Heading out to sea, Canberras are flying above the town of Limassol

adron fly over the shore

A Pembroke above the Troodos Mountains

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

YOUNG FARMERS' ANNUAL RALLY

A fortnight ago I presented the prizes at the Annual Rally and Horse Show of one of the County Federations of Young Farmers' Clubs. This is not the sort of activity in which I normally indulge and, as the time approached, I cursed myself for the momentary weakness that had led me to accept the invitation. The secretary of this particular County Federation (and I suspect this applies to all county secretaries) is an exceptionally efficient and persuasive young woman. She sends out her invitations, couched in flattering terms, months ahead; in the depth of winter. Even though you do not altogether swallow the flattery, it is nice to be flattered, and you accept.

The open sheep-shearing contest in the Rally of the Kent Young Farmers' Club at Dargate, near Faversham

After all, you say to yourself, the end of May is a long way off and you can always find an excuse later on for getting out of it, if need be. You put it down in your diary and forget all about it. The secretary, of course, knows exactly what you have been thinking. She does not send you a reminder until the week before. Then it is too late: you cannot, decently, get out of it. So the day arrived—a lovely day. Just the time for mowing the lawn, for watching a cricket match, for going to the seaside, for doing nothing. I set off feeling disgruntled.

The National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs is a rural youth movement that began with the formation of a few isolated Young Farmers' Clubs shortly after the First World War. I understand that the start was pretty slow, but I am told, although I have not checked these figures and I will not vouch for them, but they are near enough, I am sure, that there are now some 140 clubs, that the total membership is in the neighbourhood of 100,000, and that there are now county federations in nearly all the counties of England and Wales. The aims of the movement are to provide a country youth service which will bring together the young folk of the countryside; to stimulate among them a greater sense of the importance of country life, and of the interdependence of agriculture and industry; and to encourage the continuance of education where schooling finishes. High-sounding, almost intimidating, aims. I wondered what I was in for. It all sounded a bit too earnest for me. The " Horse Show " part did not excite me: I have seen too many young women on horseback. I need not have worried. I had a most rewarding, a most heartening, day.

This particular County Federation is not one of the strongest, though I suppose that it would rank as one of the stronger. It has a membership of forty clubs. My first great surprise was to find that not all of these were in rural districts. Some were in urban districts and, in addition, some had been formed by schools. I was told that something like 25 per cent. of the total county membership

Judging oats at the Dargate Rally

was made up of young townsfolk. I had expected Young Farmers' Clubs to be composed of the sons and daughters of farmers and farm-workers. In fact, there are young people from every walk of life. The bond is a mutual interest in the countryside, a mutual desire to increase knowledge and appreciation of rural life; of rural life rather than specifically agricultural life.

The clubs are self-governing bodies, electing their own officers from among their members, choosing their own programmes and managing their own affairs. There is a club leader and there is an advisory committee, composed of experienced adults; and I think it beyond question that no club would get very far without the enthusiasm of the county secretary. But the responsibility for management, and so for the success or failure of the club, does rest squarely on the shoulders of the young officers. While every club has activities of a practical agricultural nature, every club has also, since its members are drawn from every walk of life, an astonishingly varied programme; educational, social and recreational. There can be no doubt that the members find these satisfying. Each club has a junior section (from ten to fifteen years of age) and a senior section (up to twenty-five), and I was told that most juniors retain membership until the senior age limit. I can well believe it.

What goes on at a County Rally ? Well, everything. It is a cross between an agricultural show and a Women's Institute Exhibition, with just a touch of a sports meeting thrown in. There are the usual livestock judging competitions, corn judging and the identification of grasses and weeds, and also timber identification, which is very far from easy; there is a tool and machinery section with various competitions designed to test knowledge: assembling a milking machine from scratch, finding tractor faults, and so forth, erecting and dismantling an electric fence; and a big rural crafts section. Also, flower decoration, jam and chutney-making, pastry-making, home dress-making competitions; all the activities that one would expect to find in an energetic Women's Institute.

Almost all these competitions have junior and senior sections. It seemed to me that the standard in both was quite exceptionally high and that this was due to the very keen competition between clubs, who entered for every competition on a team and not an individual basis. This was so throughout; even to the scarecrow-making competition, which was confined to teams of juniors. It was fun (though the competitors were deadly serious) and a great test of ingenuity; for the scarecrow had to be made and set up in fifteen minutes. One team of two small girls fashioned a dancing girl, with grass skirt and ukulele, and most attractive she was. Too attractive to win a prize: scarecrows should repel.

The great sporting event was the tug-of-war, which is something I have not seen at a genuine sports meeting for many years and was afraid had died out. Here the competition was immense and the coaches, with one exception, professional and, I should say, ex-Army. I liked the non-professional, a huge farm-worker in his best Sunday suit and a homburg. He did not bother with the traditional " Hold " and " Heave, Heave, HEAVE " of the professionals. He merely said to his team as they stood by the rope : " If you don't win saternoon, I dun wiv'oo. Now pull like b——y." A man of commanding personality. They won.

But more important than all the skill and all the knowledge was the enthusiasm and the friendliness. I should guess the crowd at about 3,000 and it was a very young crowd. With the exception of a few parents, some county dignitaries and myself, all seemed to be Young Farmers and about evenly divided between the sexes. I walked into a field bubbling with eager, laughing life. In these days of beatniks and teddy-boys and juvenile delinquents, it was a refreshing and encouraging sight to see young people genuinely enjoying themselves with simple things in the open air: to see normal hair-cuts and normal clothes: to see girls in simple cotton dresses, not clothes designed for sensation. I came away convinced that it is a pity that we are becoming an urban nation: convinced that the nation would benefit if there were more Young Farmers' Clubs in urban areas.

Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery with Mr. Chou En-lai in Pekin

MONTY IN CHINA

Field-Marshal Montgomery could never be accused of the Army crime of being "idle." Since his retirement from official appointments he has travelled privately in many parts of the world and expressed himself trenchantly about what he sees and hears. Instances which come to mind are Russia—and Mr. Khrushchev, and South Africa—and apartheid. Last month he went to China, at the invitation of the Pekin authorities.

In a five-day stay he met Mr. Chou En-lai, the Prime Minister, who, having entertained him to tea, asked him to stay to lunch. He also had a conversation with Mao Tse-tung, who gave him a banquet in Shanghai. Viscount Montgomery was reported by Chinese sources to have declared that "all should be friendly with the new China." The same sources attributed to him some remarks regarding Formosa about which Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist China spokesmen are reported to have taken considerable umbrage.

The historic moment of the Field-Marshal's visit was by general consent when he was taken to a textile factory outside Pekin. There he was shown portraits woven in silk of Communism's heroes. On inquiring whom one of them represented, the visitor was told "Karl Marx." He is said to have replied: "I think Marx needs a haircut." It seems obvious that this great commander of men has lost nothing of his ability to prevent "idling" among all the troops, wherever he is.

Cheerful faces after a gliding and parachute display

The Vice-Premier, Marshal Ho Lung (left), entertains the distinguished visitor

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

" The Yacht Race of the Century," this is how my old friend Francis Chichester referred to the first Single-Handed Transatlantic Race, which starts from Plymouth to-day, Saturday. There is nothing new in crossing oceans in sailing craft, it is becoming almost commonplace, and even the number of successful single-handed voyages has grown since Captain Slocum's day. Nevertheless, such passages still carry the stamp of high adventure and romance, especially if they cover unexplored ground. Ocean racing, on the other hand, has become, in the last twenty-five years, a recognised sport, and experience in both fields shows that the criterion of success is not so much courage and endurance—although these remain essential requirements—as forward-looking scientific planning and attention to detail.

Thus it is not surprising that the starters in this race are serious experts rather than light-hearted buccaneers. It is not a case of starting on this race by sailing away and battling your way through to the finish, come what may, but of the long and perhaps tedious preparation, which may take years, and the solving of intricate problems long before the start.

Gypsy Moth III, which is likely to be the largest boat in the Transatlantic race

The race is the brainchild of Colonel " Blondie " Hasler, a former R.M. officer, who led the extremely dangerous mission in two-men canoes up the River Gironde during the war, from which only he and his No. 1 returned alive, having successfully blown up some German shipping. He is a sailor and ocean racer of tremendous experience, and he has worked on this idea relentlessly, fighting opposition and indifference everywhere for the last three years. At last, he succeeded in getting the Royal Western Yacht Club of England, Plymouth, to organise the event, and the Slocum Society in America has agreed to look after the finishing arrangements. The declared object is to encourage the development of " suitable boats, gear, supplies and technique for single-handed ocean crossings under sail." Interest has grown tremendously in recent weeks, and the *Observer* has presented a special trophy for the winner and other prizes for the runners-up.

There is no handicapping and no restriction on the size or type of vessel. Colonel Hasler's own yacht is basically a 25-ft. O.A. " Folkboat," a Scandinavian design of small cruising craft, but apart from her hull, *Jester* is very different to her class-mates. Her owner has gone back many centuries to find what he considers the ideal rig for the job, and his Chinese lugsail rig makes for the minimum of work involved in sail-handling. He has devised a system of controls enabling him to stay below and do all the necessary work from a round hatch with a spray-hood, without having to go on deck at all.

The Vertue Class sloop adapted by Dr. David Lewis

Col. Hasler in *Jester's* control turret

Francis Chichester—"a hot favourite"

Francis Chichester is an authority on navigation, an Assistant to the Court of the Guild of Air Pilots and Navigators, and his early exploits include the second solo flight from England to Australia in 1929, the first single-handed flights (in a Gipsy Moth fitted with floats) from New Zealand to Australia in 1931, and from Australia to Japan in the same year. His yacht, the 40-ft. O.A. Robert Clark-designed *Gipsy Moth III*, is almost brand new, and is fitted with a self-steering wind-vane device designed by himself. She is likely to be the largest boat in the race, and apart from the other factors, should be the fastest to windward. His experience as a single-handed aviator, and past successes in his previous *Gipsy Moth II* in ocean races make him a hot favourite.

Dr. David Lewis, a London doctor, who has spent his early life in New Zealand, has adapted a Vertue Class sloop (designed by Laurent Giles, 25 ft. O.A.), *Cardinal Vertue*, a type in which many long ocean passages have been made by others. He has sailed her single-handed to Norway and back last year, and he is greatly interested in the effects of solitude from the point of view of medical science.

Valentine Howell, a farmer in Wales, is sailing another " Folkboat," *Eira*, in which he did a single-handed passage from Ireland to Corunna, in Spain, last year. Other entries include Arthur Piver, from California, who has started in his trimaran, *Nimble* (with a crew of two), from New York for Plymouth; Walter Karminski, of Berlin, in his 7-ton sloop *Sayonara*; Frenchman Jean Lacombe, also from New York, in a " Cap Horn " one-design —only 18 ft. waterline—who has made a previous single-handed crossing from France to New York, and merchant seaman Michael Ellison in his 7-ton sloop *Blue Haze*, coming from Pwllheli, in North Wales.

One of many problems facing competitors is the choice of the best course. The shortest is the northern route, about 3,000 miles, but it is also the hardest. The southern track is more likely to be trouble-free, but is much longer, about 5,000 miles. Because of this the tougher, northern route is the most likely choice of most skippers, in spite of its greater proportion of windward work, and additional hazards of ice, fogs and gales. The shortest ever east to west passage by a single-hander was made by Graham in *Emmanuel* in 1933, taking twenty-four days from Bantry to Newfoundland (total distance 1,765 miles). Others have taken a good deal longer. My guess is that the winner will take about fifty days to the finishing-line, off the Ambrose light vessel in the approaches to New York harbour.

The 16th green of the Old Course. Extreme left is the 2nd green of the New Course

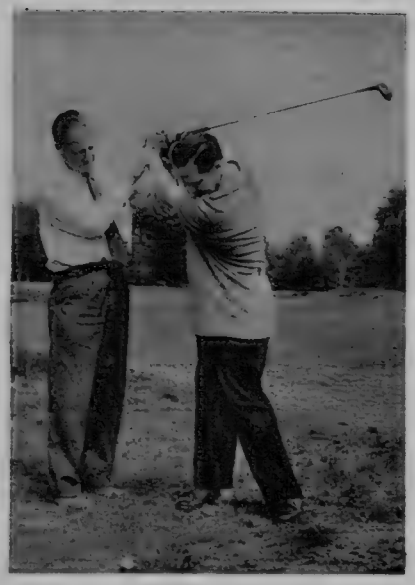
Mr. C. G. Millward, Mr. F. H. R. Baraldi and Mrs. Baraldi

Mr. Baraldi is coached by the professional, Harry Busson

Miss Muriel Paul, the club secretary, is with Mr. Denys Baxter, Mr. Michael Easby and Mr. Bill Tomkinson

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

WALTON HEATH



The two courses of the club, known as the Old and the New, are laid out among the heather and bracken of Walton Heath, not far from Leatherhead, in Surrey. The club was founded in 1904, and in the beginning there was only one course, the Old, designed by Mr. Herbert Fowler. A supplementary nine holes came into being and later Mr. Fowler turned them into the second course. Of all the holes on these testing courses, perhaps the most outstanding is the sixteenth of the Old. The long fairway runs between heather on both sides and it needs two full shots to get on to the green. This is perched on a crest with a large bunker below to the right. Any shot that does not carry to the green is liable to end up in that bunker. The Old Course remains to-day much the same as when it was first laid out. The Standard Scratch Score for it is 74, and that for the New Course is 73. Both are courses for the strong golfer, and the New, although possibly not quite so stern, has a great variety of greens. No mention of Walton Heath is complete without coupling the course with the name of the late James Braid, whose portrait has a place of honour in the bar of the clubhouse. Joining the club in its early days as professional, he was a familiar figure at Walton Heath for 45 years and turned down many lucrative offers to go to America. Born in 1870, he first won the Open in 1901, a performance he repeated four more times before 1910. He died in 1950.

Two members from Norway, Mr. A. Wahlstrom and his son who played together for their country last year

Mr. Bernard Dunstan, one of the two senior masters at the Byam Shaw School, criticises work in progress

ART SCHOOL AT WORK

Photographs by Henry Grant

One of the last independent Art Schools in London, the Byam Shaw School, celebrated its golden jubilee at the end of May. It was established in the quiet residential district off Kensington Church Street by Byam Shaw, himself a successful artist (and father of Glen Byam Shaw), and Rex Vicat Cole. Then, as now, it was run by practising artists and kept the atmosphere of the painter's studio. Under its various principals, the school has continued to be successful, with students winning such prized awards as the Rome and Abbey Major scholarships. On average there are between 60 and 70 day students. Evening classes started in 1953 and there is now also a children's class on Saturday mornings.

A feature of the school's policy is the stress given to individual tuition. Its students are not required to take examinations at the school, or to sign on for a fixed number of years. This has proved to be an especial attraction to young people from overseas. Unfortunately, owing to rising costs and the necessity to buy the building which has always been the school's home, it has been found necessary to launch an appeal for £20,000. The work of the school is especially valuable in that it gives a highly professional training in drawing, painting and pictorial design.

Students at the school. The two girls come from Bermuda and Sierre Leone respectively

Students at the Byam Shaw School at work painting still-lifes. Instruction is given four times a week on still-life pictures. *Right*—Students in the junior composition class

At work on a painting for a national examination

BOOKS

ALL THE KING'S MESSENGERS

A Prisoner-of-war in Siam; Earthquake in India; Memories of a Cockney and a Poet; and this Week's Fiction

When you were young (and for all I know you still are !) didn't you ever imagine King's Messengers as rather other-worldly beings, belonging more properly to the romances of William Le Queux than to real, prosaic life ? To be one of the few whose badge of office is a silver greyhound *must*, one used to think, mean a career of unimaginable adventure and elegance; excitement on the most de luxe level. Now we can find out what such a calling really means, since Colonel O'Brien-Twohig has written about the thirteen years he spent in this kind of work, years which ended with the author's being superintendent of the whole service. It is a service of the elect, incidentally, and numbers fewer than forty members.

DIPLOMATIC COURIER (Elek. 16s.) makes racy and generally amusing reading. Colonel O'Brien-Twohig (" Two " as in " two " and " hig " as in " higgledy-piggledy ") reveals, among other things, that he has a genuine relish for life wherever he lives it, and his zest is clearly recognisable on almost every page. When he retired, he computed the times and distances of his travels and the fantastic sum came out at 2,000,000 miles and 10,000 hours of it spent in the air. Altogether a diverting book, full of information and proving to my complete satisfaction that those juvenile imaginings were not so very wide of the mark, after all.

Sir William Goode, lately Governor of Singapore and for years a prisoner-of-war in Japanese hands, writes in a foreword to a remarkable book of war experiences that many books have been written about the life—and death—of prisoners-of-war under the Japanese in Siam, but that there would have been few survivors to tell the tale had it not been for the medical officers. Such a one was Dr. Stanley S. Pavillard, and his memoirs of those years, BAMBOO DOCTOR (Macmillan. 18s.), is a modest and extremely moving history of the almost hopeless fight against cholera, dysentery, malaria and the terrible, general debility which reduced strong men to half-dead skeletons. As Sir William writes: ". . . he tells much of the story of those days but he has not brought out the faith we all had in him, our confidence that if he was there, things would be all right. As one of the many who owe so much to him, I am glad of the opportunity to say: ' Thank you, Pav.' " It is a happy thing to be able to record that the author of this work is now practising in the Canary Islands, where beri-beri and pellagra are only terms in a medical book and where he can spend his leisure in reading, swimming and deep-sea fishing.

Just twenty-five years ago the city of Quetta, in the north-west corner of India, settled down for a night of hot and uneasy sleep until, at three in the morning, the earthquake struck and in exactly half a minute ended the lives of 30,000 men, women and children. It was a disaster without parallel then and Mr. Robert Jackson has written of it as only a good reporter can, describing the night of terror and the succeeding days of torment through the words of surviving eyewitnesses. THIRTY SECONDS AT QUETTA (Evans. 21s.) is a book with an absolutely bomblike impact and a very effective piece of writing indeed. With Agadir still fresh in our minds, it is only too easy to supplement Mr. Jackson's pages with images of one's own.

Mr. Fred Bason is a Cockney and a bookseller; two states of being of which he is equally proud. He is also a highly individual diarist and THE LAST BASSOON (Max Parrish. 16s.) is the fourth and latest of his personal screeds. Mr. Noël Coward has edited the present volume and written a reassuring foreword in which he says that " in case the *aficionado* is worried lest his English might have improved, I hasten to report that the Cockney is as full-flavoured as ever. Indeed, like Maurice Chevalier's English accent, I believe it has ripened with the years." It can be added to that particular piece of comfort that Mr. Bason's spelling remains as stylised as ever it was. As for the diary entries themselves, these may refer to books read and criticised, to famous people seen or even met, to funny quotations from American papers or to the getting of autographs, another preoccupation of the author's. All in all, and this is not the kind of book you can read at a sitting with the most friendly intentions in the world, Mr. Bason has given us some more fun, some more sagacity and perhaps a few unintentional laughs.

IN WELLS CATHEDRAL, Fire-eater, King and Sword-swallower are in the New York Pro-Musica production of *The Play of Daniel*. This medieval morality was in Oxford last week, and this week is at Westminster Abbey

MAJORCAN LANDSCAPE

A Photographic Portrait in Colour

Majorca, largest of the Balearics, is not a particularly large island, but it offers an extraordinary variety of scenery, especially in the less accessible areas of the northern mountain chain, which stretches from Andraitx to Formentor. In presenting a survey in colour photography, Friedrich Springorum has concentrated on this scenically rich area, notably on Banyalbufar, with its sun-drenched terraces lying at the foot of the towering peak of Galatzo. He has also obtained some superb pictures around Puigpuynent and Galilea in the adjoining valley, also in historic Alcudia, the Roman town in the far east of the island. As far as Palma and the other showplaces of the island are concerned, Valldemosa, where Chopin found uneasy sanctuary with George Sand, Arta, and its celebrated caves, the Provençal-looking town of Soller, the author seems unintentionally to have more or less cold-shouldered them. The result is a slightly unbalanced but none the less very delightful portrait. MAJORCA is published by Kümmerly and Frey, geographical publishers, Berne, and the price is 39 Swiss francs.

It sounds a trifle irreverent, but the truth is Anne Fremantle has brought a delightful sense of fun to her analysis of the Fabians, the Webbs, H. G. Wells, the Coles, Harold Laski, Graham Wallas, Bernard Shaw, Ramsay MacDonald and the rest of that able circle which helped to change society before and after the turn of the century. THIS LITTLE BAND OF PROPHETS (Allen and Unwin, 28s.) treats of a serious subject seriously as it deserves, but the fun keeps creeping in. Witness a description of an uplifting at-home given by Mrs. Sidney Webb at the Fabian Office, only to be followed (when the somewhat forbidding old lady had gone home) by rip-roaring antics from the younger folk, who sought something headier than " tea and uplift." Full marks to Miss Fremantle for her gay approach.

In the years between the wars Singapore was a boasted fortress of British might in the Far East; it was not the Japanese who were deceived by the boast, but the British. When the time came, Singapore fell ignominiously, the battle for Malaya already having been lost at sea and in the air within a few days of its start. With these disastrous matters Frank Owen deals in his own masterly journalistic way in THE FALL OF SINGAPORE (Michael Joseph, 21s.). Mr. Owen has some right to be the story-teller, for he served with the Fourteenth Army in 1945, and knew many of the veterans of the 1941-42 campaign. He presents the grim facts with his usual lucidity, with an admirable sense of fairness. By pursuing this heartbreaking investigation he has possibly done much that a Royal Commission would have achieved if it had been possible to organise one amid the major preoccupations of the war or early post-war years. That maybe is no light compliment, and it is intended to reflect the quality of Mr. Owen's work.

This is the three-hundredth anniversary of the Restoration in England, the end of Britain's first and last experiment in Republican government. It was on May 29, 1660, that King Charles II rode in triumph through London, and Patrick Morrah celebrates the occasion with a survey of that dramatic year. 1660: THE YEAR OF RESTORATION (Chatto and Windus, 21s.) is a wonderful reconstruction of the contemporary scene, giving glimpses of the daily life of the people as well as recording the moves of the mighty. Pepys, of course, supplies much of the basic material for this joyous chronicle; Evelyn also has a hand, but Mr. Morrah has chosen his sources widely and well and the result is a most entertaining volume.

Arthur Bernon Tourtellot has used rather the same technique as Patrick Morrah to tackle an historic episode in American history. WILLIAM DIAMOND'S DRUM (Hutchinson, 25s.) is the story of that historic engagement on Lexington Common when the Massachusetts militia defied the cream of General Gage's troops to set aflame the people of a new nation. This was the American Thermopylæ, declares Mr. Tourtellot, in his fully documented and fascinating history.

R. C. E.

In an amusing American novel a few weeks ago the hero said to the startlingly beautiful girl he met on a beach: "I'm looking for a gambit." "Are you?" said, in effect, the lovely creature and seriously set to work to search through the sand for it. Mr. John Pudney has found his gambit, an autobiographical one, and has used it as a sub-title for HOME AND AWAY (Michael Joseph. 21s.), a personal history related with some hilarity, much good sense and a poet's perception of beauty and occasion.

Mr. Pudney was born "solitary into a middle-aged community" in a village, not too far from Runnymede, which has since been engulfed by the industrial town nearby. He has been successively a schoolboy who knew and exchanged early poems with W. H. Auden, office-boy in a real estate firm, rugger player, B.B.C. producer, R.A.F. officer, distinguished member of the wartime "Writer Command," political candidate for Labour, journalist, playwright, film script writer, publisher and always, through it all, writer and poet. His own view of his life up till this moment is reasonably detached and admirably humorous.

The brief list of the week's novels begins with Mr. Alan Sillitoe's THE GENERAL (W. H. Allen. 13s. 6d.), a courageous departure from this young writer's earlier works which were so frankly and successfully based upon personal experience. The setting is a contemporary, ideological battlefield on which the East and the West conflict, although, we are carefully told, there is no exact reference to East and West as we know them.

The novel poses a problem and a problem with overtones which are almost too easily identified. A symphony orchestra is on its way to a battlefield area, there to entertain the troops. It is captured by a force known as the Gorsheks and the general in command has to make the ultimate decision whether he will, in accordance with his orders, shoot them all as prisoners, or regard them as a strong and valid artistic force in a world about to relapse into barbarism. That is his terrible dilemma. It is a measure of Mr. Sillitoe's talent that he makes a near-success out of such significant but insubstantial theorising.

"Of course my family would be there. But I could always go bird-watching, and escape them." So begins the real adventure of Ianthe Jerrold's novel, MY ANGEL (Heinemann. 16s.), a strange story not easily to be classified and, to my mind, all the better for that. A young woman of twenty-eight goes to stay on the Welsh border with her father and mother, to pursue her friendly, remote and prosaic life with parents she has come to accept without any transports of affection.

Walking one day on a lonely hillside she meets a young man who has just fallen off his bicycle and while she is helping him she notices something about him which is fantastic but undeniable. He is growing wings. At first, against her will she begins to help him until her possessive feeling becomes love and, in a dramatic and wonderfully ironic climax, she loses him. This is one of those stories which cannot be described but must be read for the pleasure, irritation or stimulus which they will bring to each reader. I applaud it for not being like any other novel I have read.

HARRIS'S REQUIEM (Hutchinson. 15s.) is only the second novel of another rather exciting young writer, Mr. Stanley Middleton, who—praises be—writes exactly like himself and like nobody else. His new book has a Midlands background, a setting which the author knows well, and is concerned with a schoolmaster whose real love is the composition of music. The observation is so exact and so rich in implication that the reader sometimes has the feeling that Mr. Middleton had the material for two novels here, particularly in his rendering of the relationships between boys and masters. For the rest, this is a very rewarding and never banal story.

Vernon Fane

THEATRE

Harfleur falls to the English. Right foreground is Donald Houston

Donald Houston as the "warlike Harry"

HENRY V *at the Old Vic*

Shakespeare's historical essay in jingoism came into the repertory of the Old Vic last week and it will be performed with *Richard II* and *Saint Joan* until the end of the season in July. The last time *Henry V* was performed at the theatre, in 1956, it had Richard Burton as Henry and John Neville as the chorus. For the present production, John Neville is the director, and Henry is played by Donald Houston, in his first major Shakespearean role. The director has taken his cue from the directions in the first chorus—"Can this cockpit hold the vasty fields of France?" making no attempt to fill the bare stage with soldiers fighting. The sets have an air of primitive simplicity, and the acting is plain and clear, with Henry a blunt, outspoken soldier.

At the court of the French King, the Dauphin (John Moffatt), Charles the Sixth (Walter Hudd), and Exeter (Oliver Neville)

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

W. H. McFadzean

The chairman and managing director of British Insulated Callender's Cables Limited, Mr. W. H. McFadzean is also president of the Federation of British Industries, joint sponsors with the Dollar Exports Council of the British Exhibition in New York. Opened on Friday, June 10, by the Duke of Edinburgh, the exhibition is the biggest foreign trade show ever staged in New York. Mr. McFadzean is one of the most travelled of British industrialists and has an intimate knowledge of international trade. BICC has branches and agencies throughout the world and it is his policy to encourage development of the company overseas in co-operation with interests in the countries concerned. William Hunter McFadzean was born in 1903 at Stranraer. He went to Glasgow University, where he studied accountancy and qualified in 1927. He then joined an accounting firm and became responsible for auditing the British Insulated Cables Company's accounts. In 1932 he joined the Company as its first accountant drawn from outside. By 1942 he was one of three executive managers. In 1945 the firm merged with the Callender Cable Company to form BICC and Mr. McFadzean played a prominent part in the negotiations. After the merger, he was elected to the board, becoming vice-chairman at the age of forty-three and reaching his present position in 1954. He is a member of the Ministry of Labour Advisory Board on the resettlement of ex-Regulars and was the first industrial leader and vice-chairman of the Board of Trade Advisory Council on Middle East Trade. Mr. McFadzean is married with one son and two daughters. A fine games player in his youth, he still plays tennis and golf

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

NEW HOTELS WITH ALL MOD. CON.

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

To the ignorant Southerner, at least, Burnley does not sound the obvious place to put up a new luxury hotel. Massey's Burnley Brewery Limited, which has just opened the new Keirby Hotel there, recognises this reaction: "It is a criticism of the North of England that whilst it is a great productive area contributing to the wealth of the country many of its residents have to go elsewhere if they want to enjoy themselves"; it has built the new hotel partly for that very reason, to give people in East Lancashire the chance of relaxation in luxury nearer home. But it also has in mind business executives and their guests—and the wider tourist trade: Burnley is well placed to serve visitors to the Lake District or the Yorkshire Dales.

But this hotel, opened last month, is particularly interesting as an example of the standards the British hotel trade now realises it has to provide for guests from far or near. Its forty-six bedrooms each have their own bathroom and telephone; the public rooms include penthouse suites suitable for business parties or conferences, secretarial services, and a Telex service keeping guests posted on Stock Exchange information; the services include 24-hour laundry and a heated underground garage to accommodate cars for every room. The capital cost was £250,000; and for, say, sixty resident guests when full, the hotel has begun with a resident staff of ninety-one. Massey's have actually bought a smaller hotel opposite for senior staff living accommodation.

This pattern of accommodation and staffing is becoming fairly general in the small wave of hotel building that has at length begun in Britain—rather belatedly—during the last two or three years; not only in London and other big cities, but now in a number of the holiday resorts around our coastline or close to beauty spots. The capital investment sunk into the Keirby illustrates another point, too; that the smallish high-class hotel, in particular, represents a particularly high cost per residential unit, even though a large proportion of its income can be drawn from restaurants, services, and private dining facilities. Size gives the hotel developer economies in initial cost. The Skyway Hotel, which won the race to completion of the hotels building in the vicinity of London Airport, provides 160 bedrooms (and is building 100 more) for £500,000, representing, say, £2,000-3,000 per bedroom against the Keirby's £5,000. A new hotel that is being built in Birmingham by the Strand Hotel group, associated with J. Lyons and Company, which is their first venture into the provinces, will provide 250 bedrooms in a 14-storey building for £750,000. But site values play a big part in the investment required for hotel development; a new hotel to be built in Cadogan Place, in the West End of London, towering up 17 storeys, will cost nearly £5,000 for each of its 320 bedrooms.

One good hotel bedroom in London, however—with bath, certainly if it is to aspire to that adjective from any modern visitor—can earn, something of the order of £4,000 a year; and in the West End it can earn that almost entirely in dollars. Out of some 1,390,000 overseas visitors to Britain last year, probably 350,000 were Americans; this year, expecting a total of more than 1,500,000 visitors, the British Travel and Holidays Association thinks that the American contingent may approach the target of 500,000 that some years ago seemed to it an ideal for the fairly distant future. A million and a half tourists will spend probably £150,000,000 in Britain (plus, say, £50-60,000,000 in fares to British carriers); and some £60-70,000,000 of that sum will probably be spent on hotel accommodation.

But the growth of American tourist travel here is still somewhat limited, the Association believes, by the fact that the room for the visitors to stay in has not kept pace with the room available for them to travel here in. Liner capacity across the Atlantic is being modernised and increased by the commissioning of foreign ships—and soon will be, one presumes, by decisions to replace the larger Cunarders. More and more jet aircraft, bigger in themselves and also providing extra capacity by the very speed they can operate across the Atlantic, are coming on to the transatlantic run. Hotel capacity in Britain, and perhaps particularly in London, is only very slowly being adapted to match this widening of the travel pipeline to Britain.

In London, for many years, and nowadays more generally throughout British resorts, the demand on hotel capacity is concentrated on quality as well as quantity. London is not short, for example, of restaurant space, hotel public rooms, or bars; but it has simply not enough bedrooms to meet the demand at peak periods of the year (with a lengthening season), and more important, far too few of these rooms have bathrooms. In 1887, when the now departed Hotel Victoria was opened off Trafalgar Square, its size, 500 bedrooms, would have been respectable by modern standards, and the £520,000 it cost (in the golden pounds of the '80's) was a very tidy sum; but it made do with four bathrooms (plus a flat tin bath under each bed). This was not through lack of plumbing expertise; the bathrooms of the late Victorian middle-class make ours to-day look sadly simplified, standardised affairs. But it represented an utterly different kind of demand for hotel amenities. To-day, not only the visiting American tourist but the ordinary British traveller is beginning to expect a bath with his bedroom as a matter of course. And both are getting it in many small places dotted around the Continental coast as well as in the bigger cities.

We have still a good way to go before the traveller can expect that as a matter of course in Britain. Five new hotels are now planned or being built in Central London; new ones are going up in six of our major cities; isolated developments are planned on a large scale in some coastal resorts. Elsewhere, one can provide more bedrooms with baths by extension of conversion: the Mount Royal, the Strand Palace, and some of the big hotels in Bloomsbury have recently been doing this.

This surge of hotel development in Britain is coming partly from British groups, and partly from American. The Strand Hotel group, which owns the Strand Palace, Regent Palace, and Cumberland in London, is building the new hotel in Birmingham mentioned before, and is also completing the Ariel, a circular building along the Bath Road near London Airport, aiming, as does the already opened Skyway Hotel, partly to accommodate passengers who have to stop overnight or leave early in the morning from the airport, and partly people who want to be within reach of London without being right inside. Imperial London Hotels, which owns eight hotels in the Bloomsbury area, is demolishing one, the Premier, and building the 450-bedroom Hotel President there. Outside London, Ind Coope, which built the Leofric at Coventry and owns others at Leicester, Brighton and Cardiff, has recently bought the big Queen's Hotel in Piccadilly, Manchester.

American initiative arrived first five years ago with the Westbury, built right in the centre of the West End by the Knott Hotels group, the oldest hotel chain in the United States. The new hotel in Cadogan Place will be built by a subsidiary of the Hotel Corporation of U.S.A. The Skyway Hotel was built by a Canadian group which is planning two more hotels in Britain. And last month the contract was signed by Mr. Conrad Hilton and Mr. Charles Clore for the building of the London Hilton Hotel, which will rise 27 storeys, 311 ft. up above the junction of Park Lane and Hertford Street, offering about 530 rooms and many suites.

One major element recently lacking in the development of British hotels has been the transport services themselves; the development of big hotels in most advanced countries, at the end of the last century, was the responsibility of the railway companies that delivered the travellers to fill them. Britain's Transport Commission still owns a substantial number of the country's big hotels (and some of them, during the last few years, have returned to being among the best-managed in the country). But its general financial plight, and Government policy, preclude it from developing them much further: the Commission recently had to tell Newcastle that it could no longer be confident of carrying through its plan to build a £2,000,000 hotel there.

Pan-American, among the world's airlines, has taken an interest in the development of hotels in the United States and elsewhere; indirectly, it may be taking an interest here. But many of the world airlines, like the British, have begun in a largely nationalised form; their power to expand into ancillary operations, such as providing accommodation for their passengers, may be legislatively limited, and is in any case curtailed by their none too strong finances. Private and independent operators, therefore, in Britain are to-day needed to develop our hotel system—which offers them an expanding, potentially lucrative, but also complicated business.

The Keirby Hotel, in Burnley, Lancashire

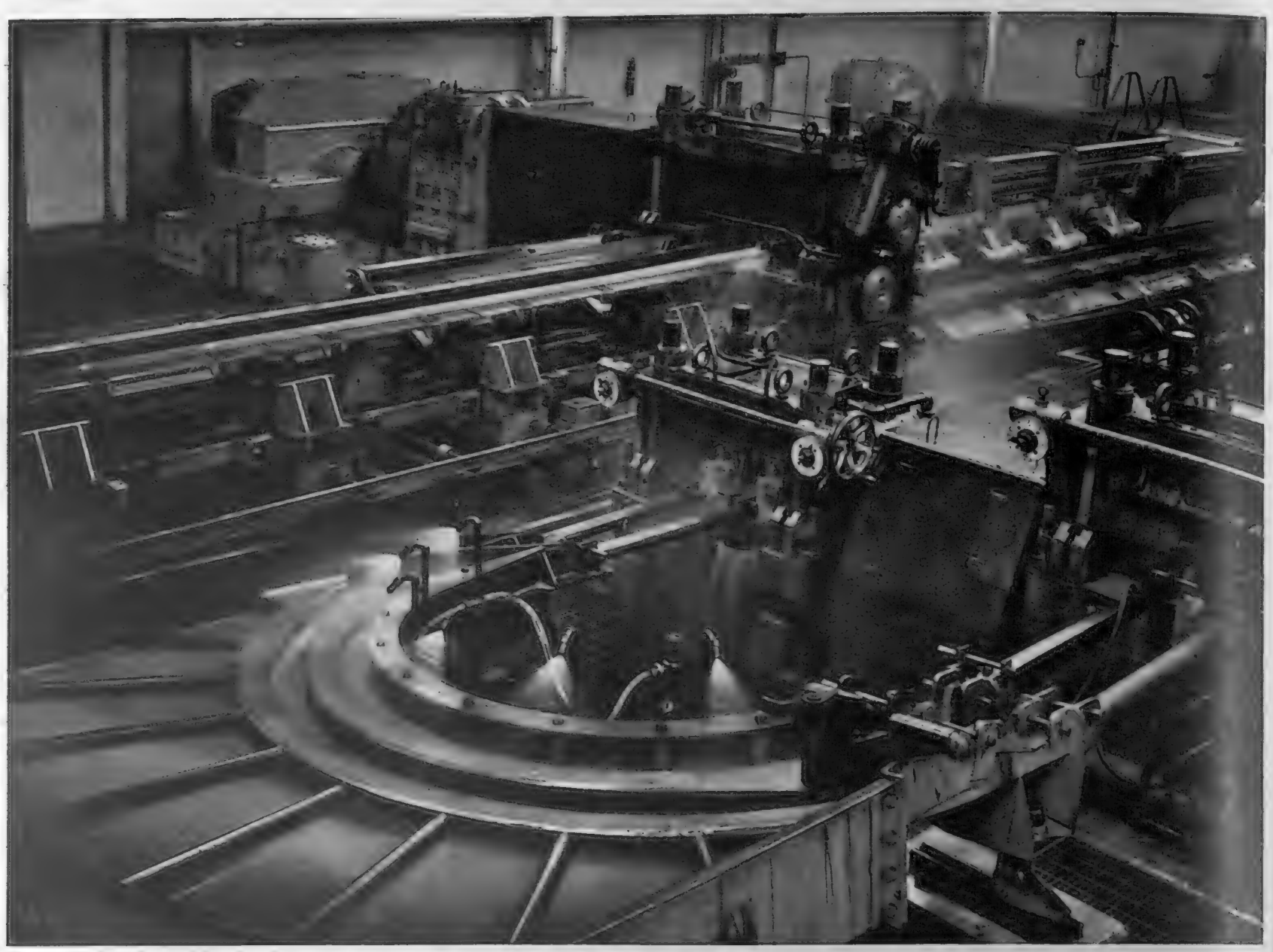
Barrow-in-Furness is framed in the windows of the promenade deck of the *Oriana*

Lifeboats hang in position on the boat-deck of the liner now being fitted out

"ORIANA" PROGRESS REPORT

Being completed in Vickers-Armstrongs (Shipbuilders) Ltd. yard at Barrow-in-Furness, the *Oriana* is one of the biggest liners to be built in England. . She was launched in November of last year by Princess Alexandra and is due to make her maiden voyage for P. & O.–Orient Lines in December of this year. The liner was provisionally insured at Lloyd's and with the Marine Insurance Companies for £15,000,000. This represents what is probably the largest marine insurance ever to be placed on a single hull. Perhaps the most radical feature of the design of the 40,000-ton liner is the aluminium all-welded superstructure, weighing 1,040 tons. This is one-third lighter than if it had been constructed in steel. The big saving in top weight, coupled with positioning the lifeboats at a lower level than in previous ships, has made it possible to add another deck. Another point in her design is the use of a bulbous bow, below the waterline, to improve her sea-going qualities. *Oriana* is also being equipped with a system of transverse propulsion which will expedite berthing or manœuvring in small harbours. It makes use of electrically-driven impeller units, designed and constructed by Vickers-Armstrongs (Engineers) Ltd., which draw water through openings on one side of the ship and expel it on the other, or vice versa. It is possible to turn the ship round, using the transverse propulsion units, without employing the main engines. Following wind tunnel experiments, changes in the bridge design have been made to prevent funnel smoke eddying round the superstructure. The bridge has been modified to produce fore-and-aft passages on each side of the funnel. Air passing through these hits a vertical face and is forced upwards to push the smoke away from the ship. Figures for the *Oriana* show she will carry 638 first-class passengers and 1,496 tourist-class, at a service speed of 27½ knots.

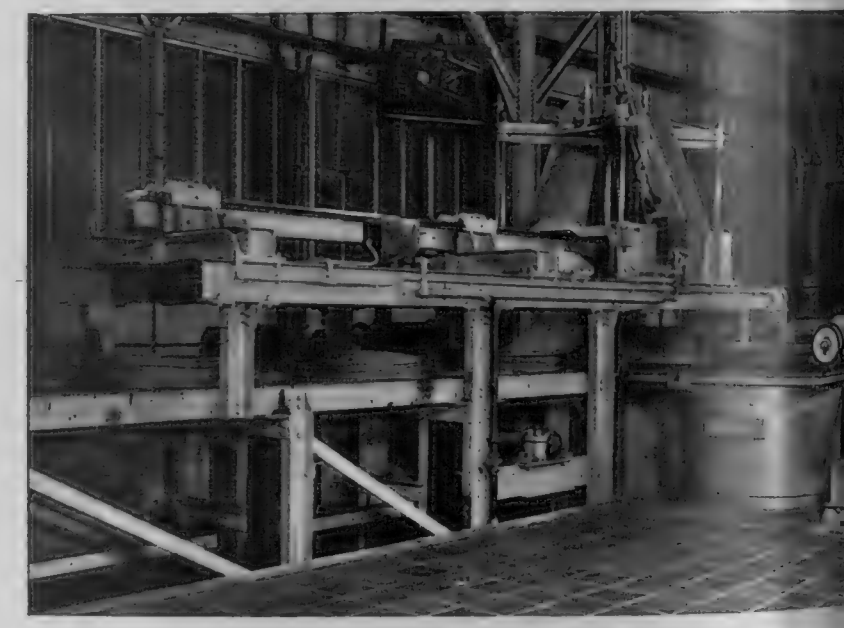
The revolutionary superstructure of the *Oriana* is constructed out of aluminium. Weighing 1,040 tons, it is the largest all-welded aluminium structure ever made



The roughing mill is a stage nearly half-way through the process of producing the copper rod

COPPER BY THE MILE

British Insulated Callender's Cables Limited opened last month the largest and most modern rod rolling mill in the world at Prescot, near Liverpool. With a normal output of 100,000 tons a year, the mill will produce 75 per cent. of the rod used by the cable-making industry in Britain. This remarkable fully-automatic mill, which is operated by only seventeen men, is entirely British in design and building, the work being performed by technicians of B.I.C.C. and the Brightside Foundry and Engineering Company of Sheffield. The initial copper bar passes through several phases, with a gradually increasing speed in each. In the final stage the rod attains a speed of 3,500 ft. per minute. The enormous potential of this new mill is shown by the fact that in one week enough ¼-in. copper rod can be produced to stretch from the airport at Shannon to New York and back again.



The final stage in the mill, where the quenching and coiling of the rod is carried out

Left: In the intermediate finishing mill the rod can be seen curving from the machines

Right: Some of the 32 miles of BICC cables in the basement of the main electrical control room at Prescot mill

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WOMEN IN BUSINESS

EVELYN WHITESIDE

The first woman director of Fortnum and Mason is interviewed by ***Josephine Parfitt***

In that red-carpeted gourmets' temple in Piccadilly where choice foods are displayed on counters resembling loaded altars at harvest festival, there was a time when the fashion departments appeared as rather an anti-climax. Fortnum's, always supreme in *haute cuisine*, was not always so rewarding for followers of *haute couture*. That was before Evelyn Whiteside appeared on the scene, and, in the words of a veteran observer of winds of change in the rag trade, " revolutionised fashion at Fortnum's." Revolution is certainly the right word for the way in which Miss Whiteside has lifted the departments in her charge out of the doldrums of respectable excellence and into the limelight, making London's top grocery store a top fashion store too, and earning her clothes credit after credit from the best fashion journalists.

She joined the staff of Fortnum's in December 1947, as buyer and fashion adviser. Four years later, Mr. Garfield Weston, the Canadian millionaire, became Chairman, and quickly recognised her achievements. " You 've done a wonderful job here, Evelyn," he told her one day. " We need your sort of talent right through the store. It's time you joined the board." At the next annual general meeting, she was summoned to the boardroom and introduced to shareholders as the first woman director in the 250-year history of the store.

Miss Whiteside in her office at Fortnum and Mason

Now in her late 'forties, Miss Whiteside graduated to Fortnum's after achieving a reputation as one of the cleverest buyers in the trade at two other London stores of star quality—Simpsons of Piccadilly, and Harrods, where she started at the age of twenty-three. Before that, having been fascinated by clothes for as long as she can remember, she took a job as a model with a wholesale dress firm in Cavendish Square. " I 'd always thought of Harrods as the most beautiful store in London," she recalls, " but I went there more or less by accident. One day, while I was making up my face at a mirror just outside the manager's office, I heard the London traveller telling him that a young woman buyer had just left Harrods. He said it just showed that young fashion buyers were never any good, and that made me angry. I didn't think it was true."

Next day, she took a taxi to Knightsbridge, charmed her way into the office of no less a person than the Chairman, the late Sir Woodman Burbidge, and landed the vacant job. She had met him one or twice socially, and evidently her appearance made a great impression, for she remembers him remarking to his son, Richard Burbidge, who succeeded him as Chairman: " I don't care if she's young and inexperienced. What we need is someone with taste, and I know she's got that."

In six years at Harrods, in the sportswear department, Evelyn Whiteside discovered that taste, though a necessary qualification, was only one of many qualities that a good buyer needs. The others she learned by following the advice repeatedly offered by the Burbidges, father and son: " If you don't know, never be afraid of asking." There were hosts of things she had to ask about, including basic facts of retail trading such as the difference between gross and net profit. Some she learned by attending the store's staff training courses and the rest she discovered by trial and error under the experienced eye of her merchandise manager, Mr. Anthony, a lovable tyrant of whom she still speaks with a mixture of affection and awe. It was Mr. Anthony who taught her one of the buyers' golden rules: Never overspend your season's allocation. " Twice I went out and blued the lot," she remembers. " It was awful. I didn't sleep for two nights. When I went to Mr. Anthony, he said 'Serves you right, Whiteside.' I never did it again ! For a buyer you see, it is absolutely vital, whatever your spending allocation, always to keep something in reserve for a novelty that may be brought in. You must never, never get yourself into a position where you have to say: 'I love that, but I can't buy it—I haven't any money.' "

Three years after joining Harrods, Mr. Anthony's protégé earned the satisfaction of a place at the top of the list of buyers who had increased their turnover by more than £2,000 a year. Another memorable event was her pioneering trip with her merchandise manager to America, where they were the first British buyers to tap the markets in California, Los Angeles and the Hollywood country.

Not long after the war broke out, Miss Whiteside was offered a challenging job building up the women's departments in Simpsons of Piccadilly, where she wrestled with the problems of clothes rationing and the introduction of a " Utility " department which persuaded customers that cheap clothes need not necessarily be nasty. During that period, she remembers travelling to the centres of the shoe and glove trades at Northampton and Yeovil and " going on bended knees " for supplies. " I didn't know much about shoes in those days, and when those old shoemakers talked of apron fronts they might as well have been bow fronts for all I knew. But I asked questions, they showed me; and not once in all my years of dealing with them did one of my suppliers sell me a pup. They were wonderful."

Such tributes often crop up in Miss Whiteside's conversation. They reflect credit not only on her trading associates but also on her own success in the necessary business of building and keeping relationships of mutual trust with suppliers, sales staff and, not least, with customers. A good buyer, in other words, must get on with people. Ten minutes in Miss Whiteside's company is enough to make it fairly obvious that getting on with people is one of her natural talents. She is a striking personality to look at and to listen to, with a low musical voice that hints at her birth and early years in Scotland, and a warm, straightforward, humorous manner. Last summer, her husband died and she has since bought a new house in St. John's Wood. There she enjoys relaxing in the evening with her ten-year-old ward, Angelotti—queen of a large circle of nieces, nephews and god-children whose company their glamorous aunt obviously cherishes.

When Miss Whiteside was offered her seat on the board, she did not jump at it, and her initial hesitation was as genuine as the reply she made to the Chairman: " Do you really think it's a good idea to have me on the board ? " For although she considers women indispensable in business she believes that, on the whole, " Men should be the bosses." She despises aggressive feminism, especially in wives, and insists that " a man should be master of his house." A more womanly businesswoman it would be difficult to imagine.

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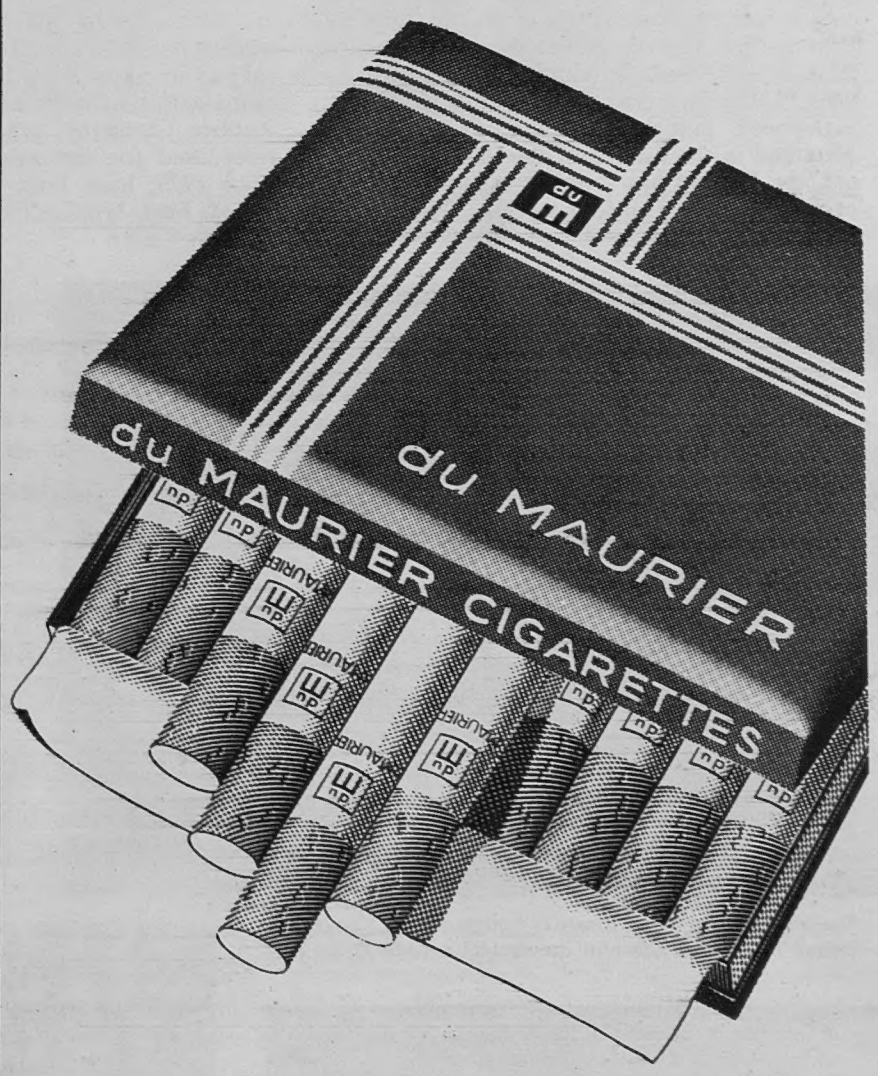

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MOTORING

THE 1960 BLUEBIRD

No. 1 State car; Peugeot's new 404

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

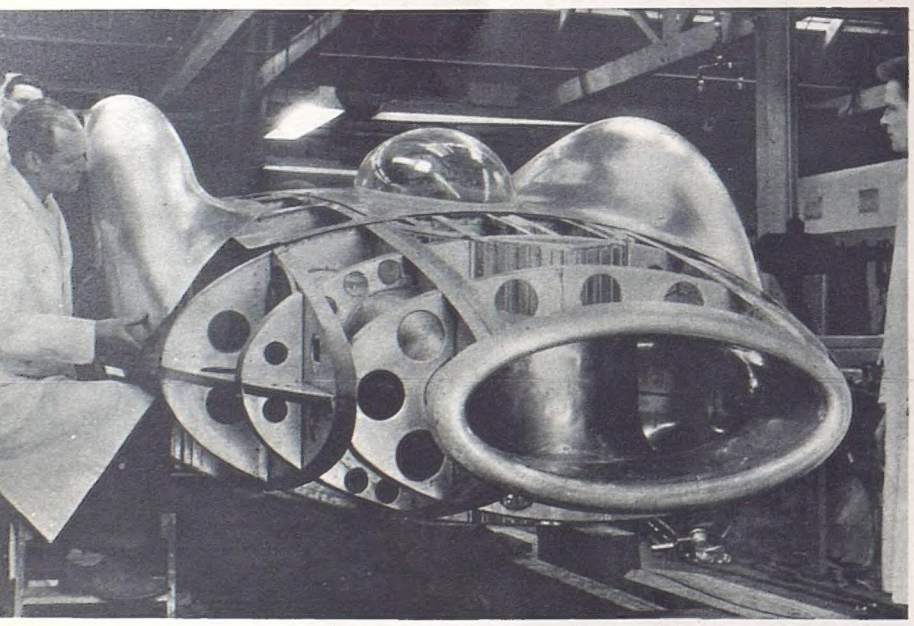
Mr. Donald Campbell, thirty-nine-year-old son of the late Sir Malcolm Campbell, has fixed September 3 as the target date for his attempt in Britain's latest *Bluebird* to break the late John Cobb's 394·2 m.p.h. world land speed record on the Utah Salt Flats, Ohio. Initially, he will be content to put the thirteen-year-old record past the 400 m.p.h. mark, but when fully developed the turbine-engined projectile should be capable of speeds of more than eight miles a minute. This is a full-scale British effort to push the land speed figure beyond the immediate reach of American challengers, and everyone connected with the £1,000,000-plus project is confident that the courageous Donald Campbell will succeed. If he does, he will equal the performance of his father in holding both land and water speed records simultaneously, for twelve months ago he achieved a water speed of 260·3 m.p.h. on Lake Coniston in his jet-propelled *Bluebird* boat.

Sixty-eight British firms are co-operating in the new land speed bid and preparatory work has been going on for four years. Nearly 1,000,000 skilled man-hours will have been expended by the time the programme is finished and more than 5,000 separate drawings will have been used in the design and construction of *Bluebird*, now being assembled in a Coventry factory. A beautifully streamlined car, it will be powered by a Bristol-Siddeley Proteus gas turbine developing 4,250 b.h.p. It is a unit basically similar to the engines used by the Britannia airliners and by certain high-speed launches of the Royal Navy. Mounted in the middle of the low, 30-ft.-long car, the Proteus has a power take-off shaft at each end to drive all four wheels. The engine has a power turbine separate from that which drives the compressor and this obviates the need for a clutch. It should be emphasised that *Bluebird* is not jet-propelled. Under the international rules governing land speed records cars must be propelled through at least two of four road wheels.

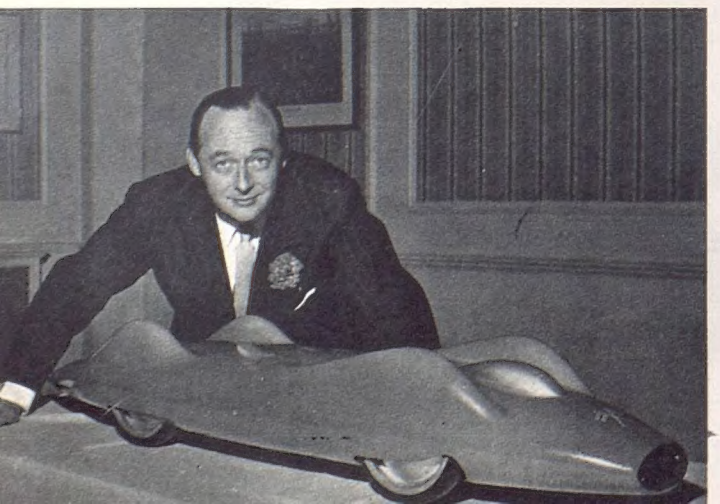
This means that the jet-powered "streamliner" which Nathan Ostich, wealthy Los Angeles physician, is developing for high-speed runs on the Salt Flats this summer will be unable to claim officially-recognised speed records, however fast he goes. Other American cars reportedly under preparation for speed bids at Utah are propelled through their road wheels in a conventional way and there is a danger that one of these may beat Cobb's record before *Bluebird* is ready to go. The U.S. driver who seems most likely to do this is Mickey Thompson, in a car powered by four modified and supercharged Pontiac V-8 engines. Without blowers, this car last year attained speeds of over 360 m.p.h.

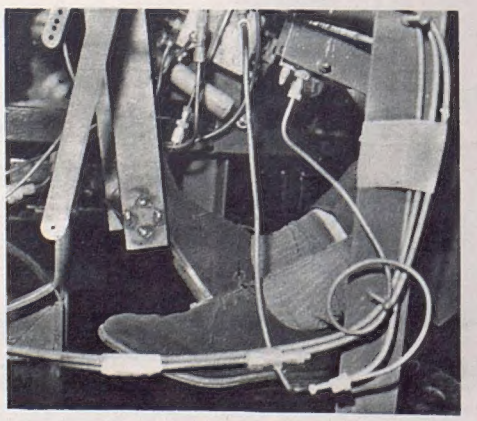
Tyres and braking have probably been the two biggest problems facing the designers of *Bluebird*. The shape of the car, with its 4-ft.-9-in.-high wheel arches, has been largely determined by the need to use enormous wheels enveloped by tyres with a diameter of 52 ins. Campbell will not be able to use full throttle at speeds below 400 m.p.h. for fear that wheelspin would rip off his tyre treads and the car has an ingeniously-designed speed governor to make this virtually impossible. The Dunlop Rubber Company, who have made all the tyres used for the world land speed record since 1929, have built a special £75,000 test rig at Fort Dunlop, Birmingham, to make sure that the tyres they supply for *Bluebird's* speed programme will stand up to the terrific stresses imposed as *Bluebird* accelerates for seven miles over the thin salt crust of the dried-up lake, hurtles over the measured mile and pulls up in another seven miles—all in 2½ minutes. Campbell's tyres have been tried out at 500 m.p.h. in the new Dunlop test rig, while the firm's top technicians watched their behaviour by means of two closed-circuit Pye television cameras which threw their pictures on to separate 14-in. screens. The huge revolving drum of this fantastic apparatus is spun at 675 m.p.h. to test *Bluebird's* tyres for resistance to centrifugal force. That represents a load of 1¼ tons.

On the actual run, *Bluebird's* road wheels will attain speeds of more than 3,000 revolutions a minute. To pull up from a speed of perhaps 475 m.p.h. in seven miles and be certain of doing so before the car reaches the end of the "lake" poses a major problem. Campbell will use air brakes to slow the car to 400 m.p.h. and then the braking task will be taken over by Girling discs, using Ferodo friction pads of a kind evolved from those used on the Gloster Meteor jet fighters. These metal discs, one for each wheel, will have to pull the 4-ton car to a standstill from 400 m.p.h. in 60 seconds. They will glow with a yellow heat as their temperature rises to beyond 1,600 deg. Fah. This job of work is equivalent to stopping sixty-three 10-ton trucks from speeds of 30 m.p.h. Maximum speed of the turbine whose power *Bluebird's* brakes have to cancel out will be about 11,000 r.p.m., and the spiral bevel gears made by David Brown (of Aston Martin and Lagonda fame) to reduce the turbine speed will be whizzing round at three miles a minute. No wonder that B.P.—one of the leading sponsors of the *Bluebird* project—have had to develop a special lubricant to cope with the tremendous loads and temperatures of this reduction gearing.



The new *Bluebird* in the course of construction at Coventry. (*Below*) Mr. Donald Campbell stands with a model of the car



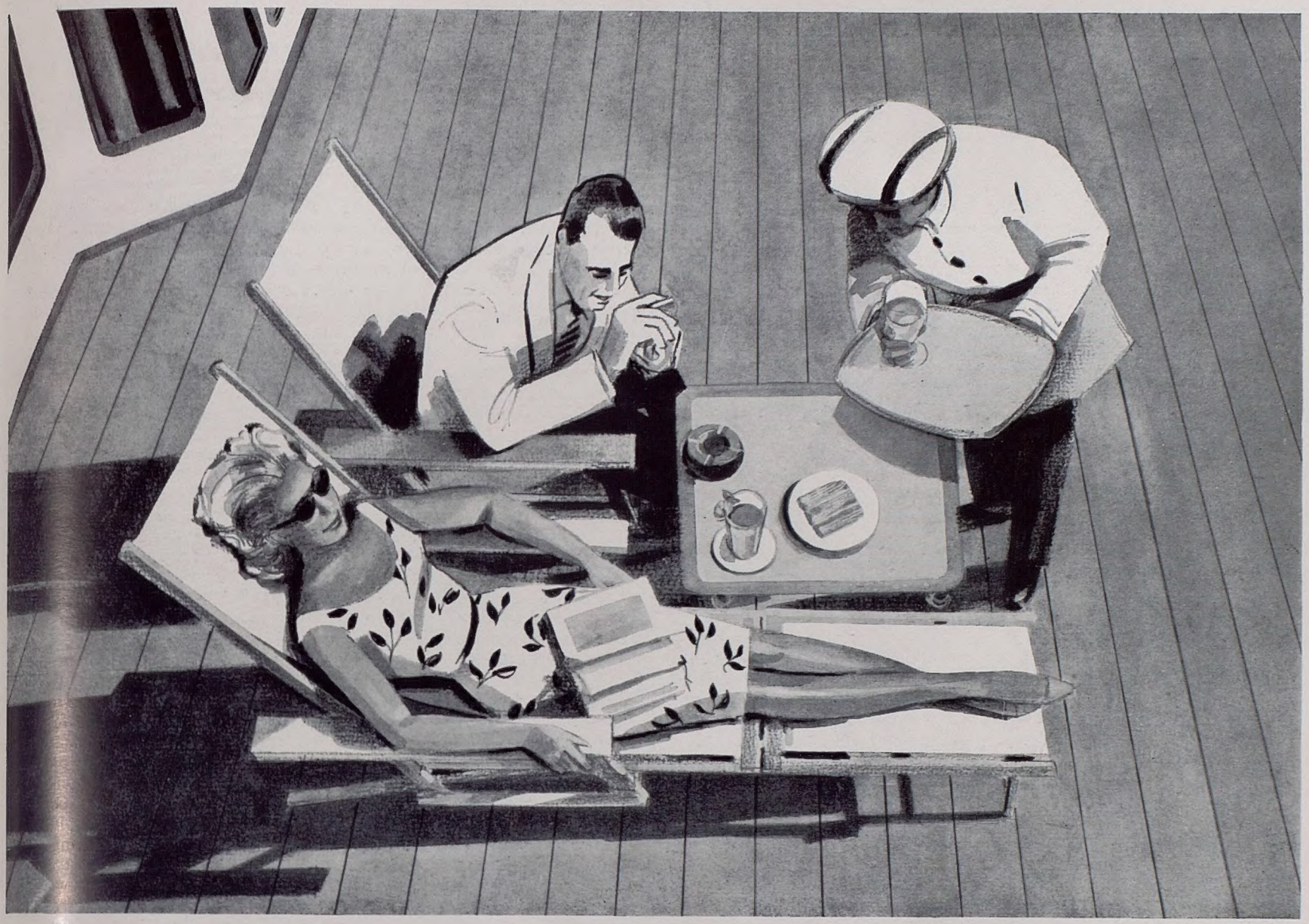


A close-up of Donald Campbell's feet as he gets the feel of *Bluebird's* special brakes

From this glamorous, adventurous world of high-speed driving let us briefly turn to luxury motoring as represented by the Queen's new Rolls-Royce limousine. This is a special version of the Phantom V seven-passenger car produced by Park Ward. The standard model has been modified by raising the roof-line throughout its length and making the back of the roof transparent by the use of glass and Perspex mouldings. This is now Britain's No. 1 State car. When the car is not being used for ceremonial purposes, its occupants can obtain normal privacy. This is secured by closing the main glass roof-light. The new Royal limousine is powered by the new V-8 6,230-c.c. engine.

From France comes news of an interesting new Peugeot—the 404, with a 1,618-c.c. engine tilted at an angle of 45 degrees to improve weight distribution and lower the bonnet height. The new car has a top speed of nearly 90 m.p.h., and preliminary tests (which I have so far been unable to share) suggest a lively performance with quiet, comfortable running in the Peugeot tradition. The 404 has been styled by Pinin Farina, who works for so many car firms these days in so many different countries that it is not surprising the 404 is reminiscent of certain well-known British and Italian models.

The new car, which has taken 5½ years to produce, is a natural development of the well-known 403, which continues in production. The 404 shares many of the 403's design features, but the gear-box is new, with synchromesh on all four ratios and a direct top gear in place of the "built-in" overdrive of the 403. Peugeot have used independent front suspension for some thirty years, but in the 404 the usual single transverse leaf spring has been replaced by a wishbone-and-strut arrangement, with high coil springs. As with the 403, the cooling fan is thermostatically controlled. It comes into operation only when the engine reaches a temperature of 84 deg. C. The 404 will be on sale in Britain later this year, but the price (which in France is the equivalent of £663) has not been fixed.



To South Africa THE ELLERMAN WAY

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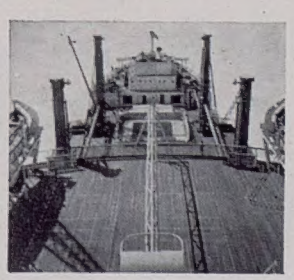
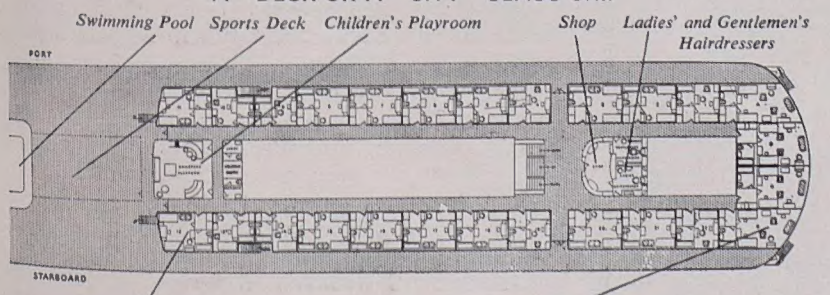


The Sports deck on the "City of Port Elizabeth": all "City" class passenger ships on the South Africa run have a swimming-pool drawing-room and library.

"A" DECK ON A "CITY" CLASS SHIP



Every "A" Deck room, whether "single" or "double," has a private bathroom and toilet en suite.

The staterooms are particularly spacious and luxuriously furnished with every requisite for comfort and convenience.

The service is maintained by the T.s.m.v. *City of Port Elizabeth*, *City of Exeter*, *City of York*, and *City of Durban*, each accommodating 100 passengers in single and double rooms (with removable Pullman berths for children). These ships afford superb passenger amenities. All rooms have windows or portholes and there are electric fans in addition to mechanical ventilation.

Approximately every fourteen days an Ellerman "City" class ship sails for South Africa, Lourenco Marques and Beira. Passage rates are competitive . . . an outside double room, for example, with private bathroom *en suite*, is £155 per adult (£125 per adult on a 12-passenger vessel). Full information can be obtained from Ellerman Lines, Passenger Office, 29/34, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, or from all shipping and travel agents.

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